



# FLORAL OFFERING

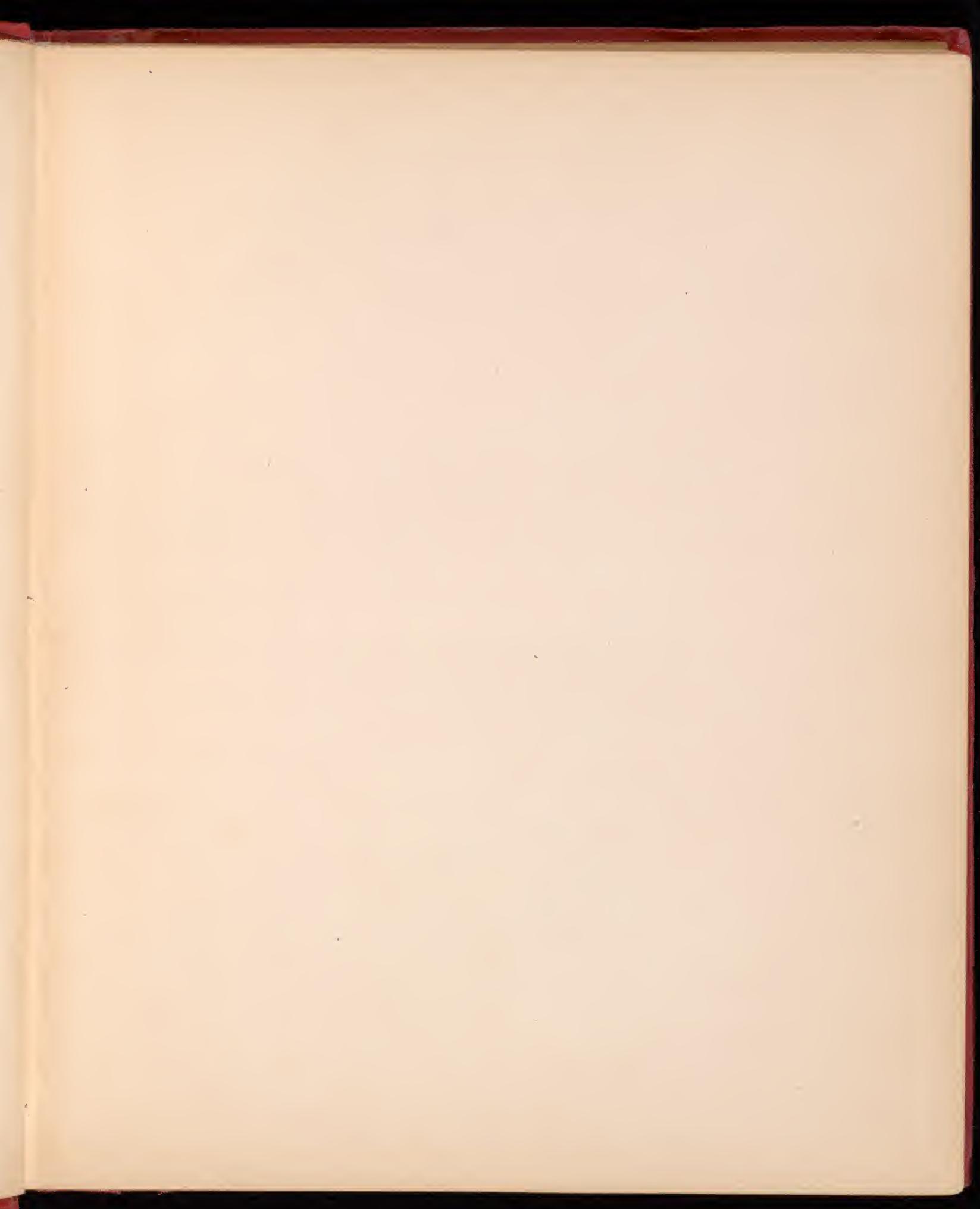
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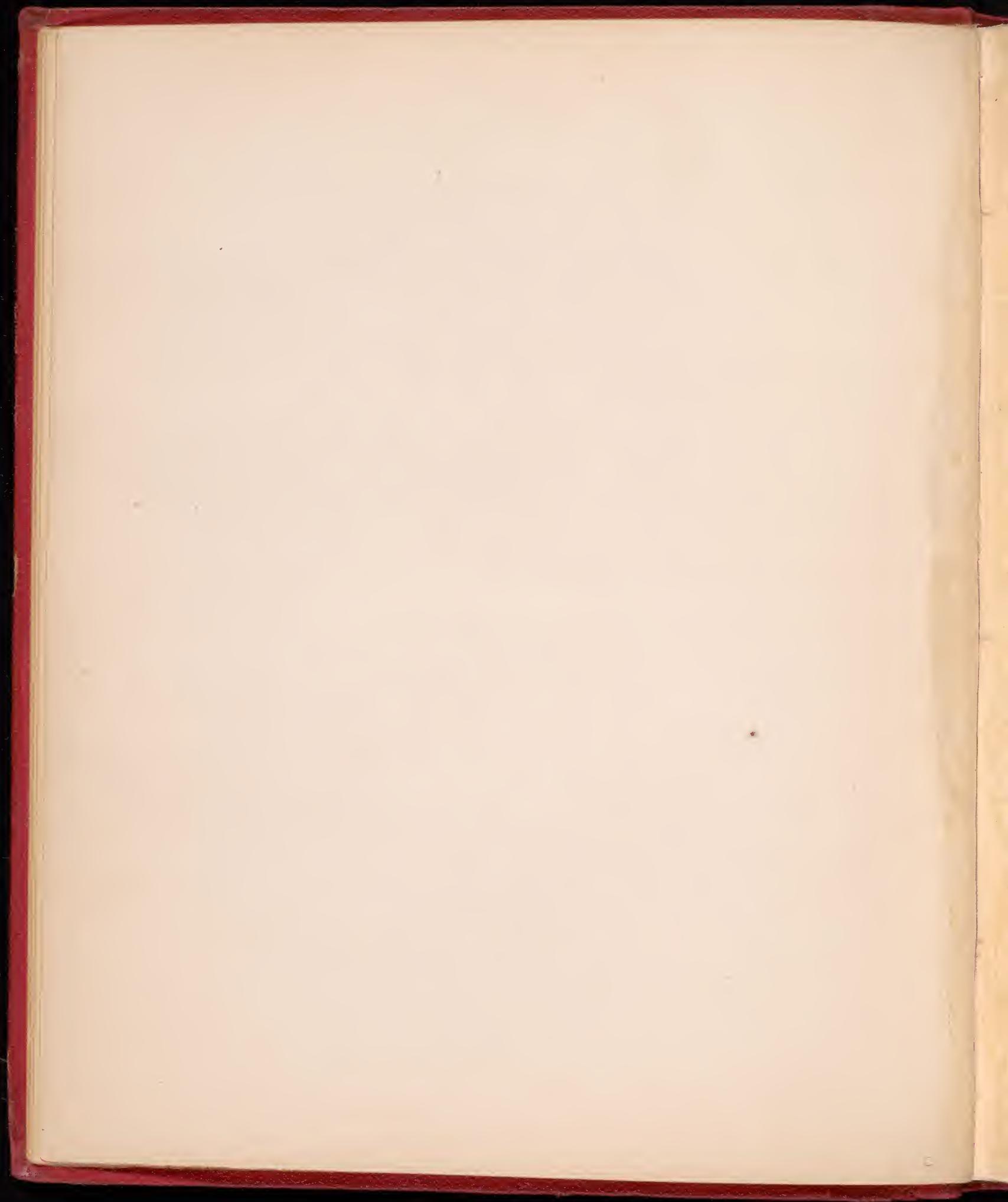


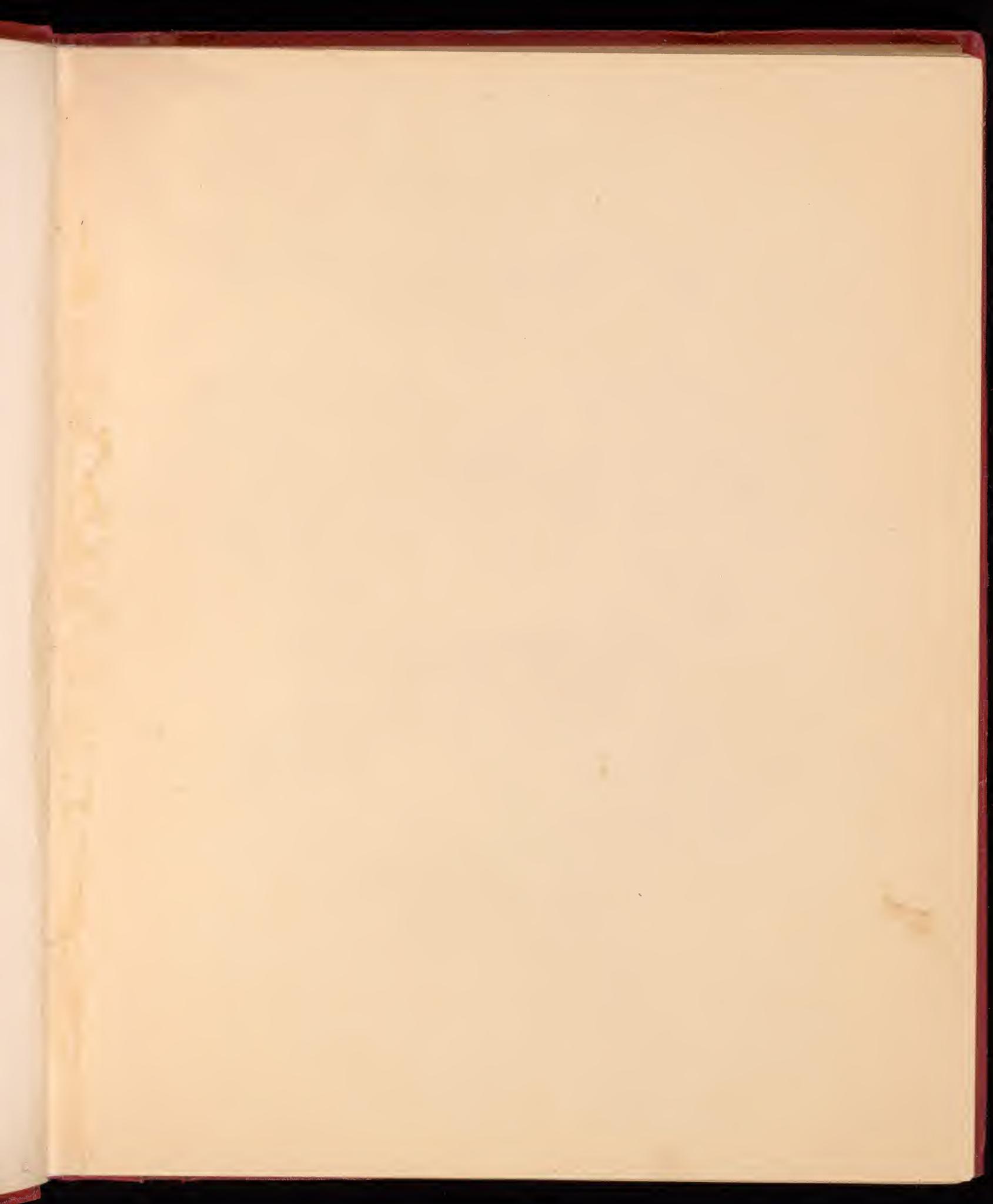
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THE  
FLORAL OFFERING,  
A TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP.

EDITED BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD,  
AUTHOR OF "POETRY OF FLOWERS AND FLOWERS OF POETRY."

ILLUSTRATED WITH TEN BEAUTIFUL BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS

ELEGANTLY COLORED AFTER NATURE, BY J. ACKERMAN.

"Many in form and bright in hue!  
I know your fate, but the earth to strew,  
And my thought flies on to immortal bowers,  
Where the heart and the rose are not fading flowers."

PHILADELPHIA:  
CAREY AND HART, 126 CHESNUT STREET.

1847.

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## L I S T   O F   P L A T E S.

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### I. COLUMBINE, WHITE LILY AND LUPINE.

It was a dream of Folly, from which I wake to weep.

### II. TRUMPET-FLOWER, FORGET-ME-NOT, AND RASPBERRY.

Farewell—Be true to thyself—yet sometimes think of me.

### III. ANEMONE.—HAREBELL.—SPIDERWORT.

Thou art false, and I resign myself to my fate.

### IV. THE ROSE.

Beauty and Love.

### V. CHINA-ASTER AND FUCHSIA.

Caprice is a woman's privilege.

### VI. JACARANDA, TORMANTOSA AND ARBUTUS.

My Heart and Lute are broken.

### VII. THE TULIP.

Pride is stronger than Love.

### VIII. SWEET PEA, BLUEBOTTLE CENTAURY, AND EVENING PRIMROSE.

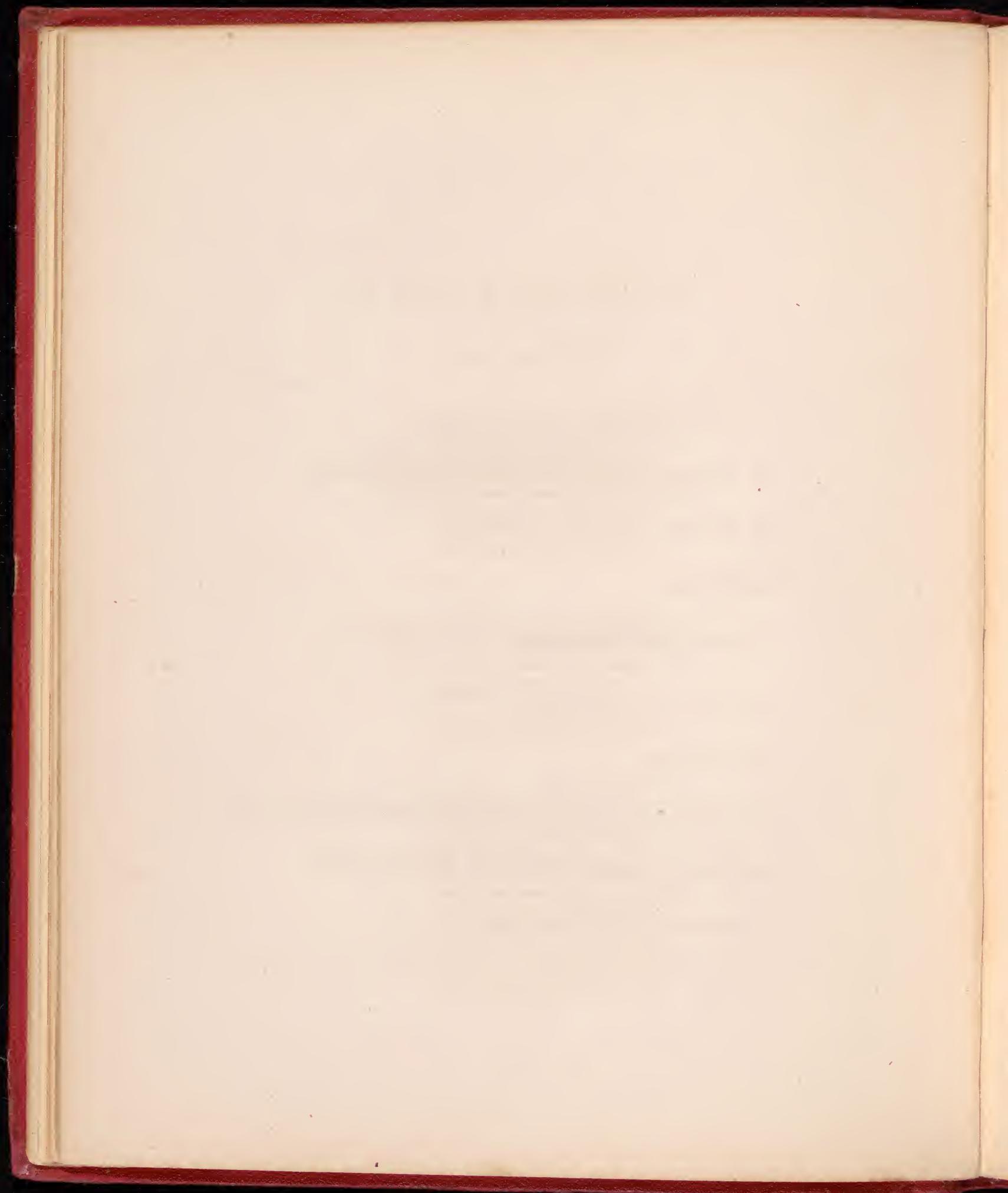
Good-bye! our love was too lovely to last.

### IX. BIGNONIA MARTIANA, NARCISSUS, AND BLUE LOBELIA.

Your beauty dazzles yet awes me.

### X. HOLLYHOCK AND CHINA ROSE.

"Excelsior."



## INTRODUCTORY.

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### THY EMBLEM FLOWER.

ROUND every flower there gleams a glory  
Bequeathed by antique song or story;  
To each, old legends give a name  
And its peculiar charm proclaim;  
O'er smiling lawn—through shaded grove,  
Our dreaming poets pensive rove,  
And strive to read their language rare,  
And learn the lesson latent there—  
Then 'mid them all, so fair to see,  
What flower shall *thy* fit emblem be?

The ROSE is radiant as thy blush  
When from my soul Love's murmurs gush;  
Its sister flowers before it bow;  
'Tis Queen of Hearts—and so art thou.  
But oft its fond admirers mourn  
The piercing sharpness of its thorn—  
Then ne'er can it *thy* symbol be,  
No painful thing can emblem *thee*!

The vestal LILY OF THE VALE  
With unrequited love is pale,  
And Fancy hears each fairy bell  
Peal forth its hopes' funereal knell.  
But couldst *thou* ever love in vain,  
And fade beneath a fruitless pain?  
Let those reply who for one smile  
Would Ossa upon Pelion pile,—  
Or wars with giants fearless wage,—  
Or steal Titania's fairy page—  
Or chain the lightnings as they fly—  
Or, if *thou* asked it, gladly die.

INTRODUCTORY.

In bright array the TULIP blows;  
With gorgeous hues her garment glows;  
With royal grace she greets the sight,  
Dyed in the rainbow's liquid light:  
But Pride deforms her queenly beauty,  
And haughty airs she deems her duty;  
Obeying Flora's plain decree,  
The Tulip ne'er can emblem *thee*!

The SNOW-DROP glistens from afar,  
On Winter's brow a peerless star,  
But calm and cold—no balmy sigh  
It breathes to charm the passer by;  
Without the fragrant *soul* of flowers,  
In vain its beauty blooms for ours;  
It wins them not—Ah! what can be,  
Earth's Angel! more unlike to *thee*!

Ah yes! the HEART'S-EASE differs more:  
Though dyed in beauty o'er and o'er,  
Though round it glows Love's purple ray,  
And sunbeams in it lose their way,  
Yet heart's-ease *thou* dost never give  
To those who in thy presence live,  
And muse, and dream of thee alone,  
And think it night when thou art gone.

Where, mirror-like, the streamlet flows,  
The drooping lone NARCISSUS glows.  
Sees in the stream its bloom, its grace,  
And pineth for its own sweet face.  
Fair is the flower, but who could see  
In its self-love a type of *thee*?

What airy incense floats away  
With zephyr's viewless wings at play?  
Is it a fairy's sigh,—or breath  
Of some young floweret faint in death?  
Ah no! that dainty perfume flew  
From the shy VIOLET's leaves of blue;  
Whose own dear flower-sylph nestling there  
Pours forth her passionate soul in prayer;

INTRODUCTORY.

But violets droop in shrinking sorrow,  
And *thou* should'st only gladness borrow,  
And love, and beauty, and delight  
From all that meets thy beaming sight:  
And nought but joy thy days should know,  
Could fervent prayers such gifts bestow.

What blossom, then, may justly be  
A fitting emblem, sweet, for *thee*?  
Enshrinning in its balmy breast  
Thy image as its sylph-like guest?  
None—none can shadow forth thy powers;  
Thou art thyself the flower of flowers!

W.

## COLUMBINE, WHITE LILY AND LUPINE.

It was a dream of Folly, from which I wake to weep.

SEE FRONTISPICE.

You bid me give back scorn for scorn,  
Re-plume my spirit's wounded wing,  
That now I idly fold forlorn,  
And loftier soar and prouder sing!

You never loved! You never staked,  
On one mad chance, your soul—your all!  
And from that dream of passion waked,  
To weep your wild hopes' helpless fall.

God knows it was not *he* I loved;  
False—weak and light as now he seems!  
It was but Fancy shrined in him,  
The “idol of my early dreams.”

But not the less I lavished *all*  
The bloom of feeling on his breast,  
That bloom, which tears can ne'er recall,  
That frail, sweet bloom—the false one's jest!

And not the less—alone and lost—  
Of all Life's bright romance bereft;  
I weep, that on so low a shrine,  
Faith, Hope and Joy, and Love were left!

F. S. O.

## TRUMPET-FLOWER, FORGET-ME-NOT, AND RASPBERRY.

Farewell—Be true to thyself—yet sometimes think of me.

SEE TITLE-PAGE.

I ASK no more—pursue thy way,  
By love and joy surrounded—  
I would not have one feeling stray,  
That duty's law has bounded.

It shall be joy enough for me,  
Howe'er my fate may alter,  
To know that Honor goes with *thee*—  
That *thy* soul cannot falter.

Pursue thy way.—Be calm and strong,  
No glorious aim foregoing;  
Nor ever bend thou Right to Wrong,  
With sophist triumph glowing.

I only ask, amid the cares  
And clouds that round me darken,  
To memory's murmur of thy love  
My happy heart may hearken.

I only ask—if *thy* strength fail  
On Life's tumultuous river—  
That thoughts of me may then prevail,  
And prompt to proud endeavor.

And oh! believe—whatever Fate,  
Or dark or bright, pursue thee,  
One loyal heart will nightly send  
Its silent blessing to thee.

F. S. O.

ACACIA. . . . . SPIRITUAL AFFECTION. \*

“I NEVER have loved thee, yet strange though it be,  
So soft are the feelings I treasure for thee,  
That the wildest of passion could never impart  
More bliss to my soul or more joy to my heart.

“It comes o'er my breast in my happiest hours;  
It comes like the night-winds that ruffle the flowers;  
A feeling of softness—a thrilling of bliss—  
Say, is there no name for a feeling like this?

“It cannot be friendship—it cannot be love,  
Yet I know the sweet feeling descends from above,  
For it takes from my bosom no portion of ease,  
Yet adds all the rapture, the pleasure of these.

“And so soft the emotion my spirit hath nursed,  
It is warm as the last and more pure than the first;  
For my heart when near thine grows as soft as a dove,  
Yet it cannot be friendship—it cannot be love.”

“Oh! call it by some better name,  
For Friendship is too cold;  
And Love is now an earthly flame  
Whose shrine must be of gold;  
And Passion, like the sun at noon  
That burns o'er all he sees,  
Awhile as warm, will set as soon—  
Oh! call it none of these!

“Imagine something purer far,  
More free from stain of clay,  
Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,  
Yet human still as they;  
And if thy lip for Love like this,  
No mortal word can frame,  
Go—ask of angels what it is,  
And call it by that name!”

ASPHODEL. . . . . IN HEAVEN I BLOOM FOR THEE!

FOR I would wreath my path below  
With lowlier flowers of lighter glow,  
And save the sacred, golden bloom  
Of Love, with all its pure perfume;  
Nor let th' ignoble cares of earth  
Profane my bud of heavenly birth.  
I'd hide it in my soul and keep  
It fresh, with tears that Truth would weep,  
And all its incense, light and dew,  
I'd fondly hoard for Heaven and you.

Then, till we meet in holier bowers,  
Where radiant seraphs tend the flowers,  
Wilt thou not keep—through grief and glee—  
Love's peerless blossom pure for me,  
And wreath with mine, where angels dwell,  
*Thy* spirit's golden Asphodel?

F. S. O.

ANGELICA. . . . . A DREAM.

“It is the air of gentleness,  
The form of matchless grace,  
The conscious dignity of mind,  
That lights thy angel face.  
The snowy brow—the auburn hair,  
The dark and lustrous eyes  
That tell ‘my dream’ has come to earth  
*An angel in disguise.*”

F. AUBREY.

THE DREAM. . . . . A SONG.

SLEEPING, I dreamed, love,  
A sweet, sweet dream of thee—  
Floating, it seemed, love,  
O'er sun-lit waves were we.  
Oh! it were bliss, love,  
Thus evermore to glide,  
O'er ocean with thee, love,  
Close clinging to my side.

Gently the wind, love,  
Played in thy golden hair—  
Round me were twined, love,  
Thine arms than foam more fair—  
And while thy song, love,  
Swelled o'er the listening sea,  
Blue, like the lotus,  
Beamed thy soft eyes on me.

Soon, o'er the bright wave,  
Howled forth the fearful gale—  
Fiercely the lightning  
Flashed in our silken sail—  
Yet while our frail bark  
Drove wildly o'er the sea,  
Thine eyes, like load-stars,  
Beamed through the gloom on me.

Oh! Heart, awaken!  
Thy blissful dream is o'er—  
Thou art forsaken  
Cast on deceitful shore.  
Yet as the mariner  
Clings to the wreck at sea,  
Still clings my lone heart  
To that dear memory.

MARY E. HEWITT.

ADONIS AUTUMNALIS. . . . . SORROWFUL REMEMBRANCES.

THEY told me, in youth's sunny prime,  
When first my bark "put out to sea,"  
When Hope outstripped the wings of Time,  
And gemmed the farthest wave for me,

Ere I could furl my flowing sail,  
In that far land of blessed peace,  
Beyond the waters and the gale  
Where Hope, in ripe content, shall cease—

Storm after storm its strength would test,  
The angry waters round it dash;  
Above its pure and spotless breast,  
The thunder roll, the lightning flash.

Yet still, with virtue for my guide,  
Unfaltering Faith to man the helm,  
Triumphant it would stem the tide,  
In safety reach the destined realm.

Alas, I heeded not the tale—  
But merrily put out my oar.  
Ah, who had deemed the boat so frail!  
It tossed while yet in sight of shore.

For Pleasure was the helmsman gay,  
And Vanity his worthless mate;  
Oh, false and feeble pilots they,  
To wrestle with the storms of Fate.

And now cast wildly 'mid the strife,  
Thrown powerless from side to side,  
Each heaving wave with danger rife,  
And none to guard me, or to guide.

Thou, who alone relief can give,  
Aid me to change my faithless crew;  
The weary feet of hope relieve,—  
My shattered bark with strength renew!

E. D. HARRINGTON.

ALMOND LAUREL. . . . . YOU HAVE POISONED MY HEART.

—  
Give me back my childhood's truth!  
Give me back my guileless youth!  
Pleasure, Glory, Fortune, Fame,—  
These I will not *stoop* to claim:  
Take them! All of Beauty's power,  
All the triumph of this hour,  
Is not worth one blush you stole—  
Give me back my *bloom of soul!*

Take the cup and take the gem!  
What have I to do with them?  
Loose the garland from my hair!  
Thou shouldst wind the night-shade there;—  
Thou, who wreath'st, with flattering art,  
Poison flowers to bind my *heart*,  
Give me back the rose you stole!  
Give me back my bloom of soul!

F. S. O.

~~~~~  
TO . . .

—  
SOME mount to fame  
On deeds that claim  
The lustre Truth imparts:  
Thou—more sublime,  
When *thou* dost climb,  
*Thy* steps are *human hearts.*

M. L. S.

AMARANTH. . . . . WE MEET IN PARADISE.

“I HAVE been true to thee! though brightest forms  
Of human beauty spring up in my way,  
Yet still the flame lit on thine altar warms  
And purifies my heart. Onward I stray—  
And see the lover’s altar-place decay—  
Unto some other idol turns his eyes,  
Forgetting that which o’er him held such sway;  
And I look upward to the far-off skies,  
And know thou wait’st for me in Paradise!

“I have been true to thee! In summer eves,  
Alone I sit beneath the clustering vine,  
And listen to the whispering of the leaves;  
I watch the stars like angel faces shine,  
And think the softest ones resemble thine!  
Shall I not know thee when I reach the place  
Where angels make their home? Is there no sigh?  
Is there not left with thee some well-known grace,  
By which the long-lost loved one I may trace?

“Yes! I shall know thee by thy gentle voice,  
If I should pass the gates of Eden blind;  
No tones but thine could make my heart rejoice,  
None else its deepest chords could ever find!  
Oh! tell me not that we shall leave behind  
The power of recognition; ’twere to make  
The Parent of our every good unkind!  
Oh! this would be from many a soul to take  
Lone-cherished hopes—the links of heaven to break!

“I have been true to thee! I sit beside  
Life’s stream a patient watcher, until He  
Shall summon me to cross its foamy tide,  
A welcome summons, which shall make me free,  
And take the exiled one to home and thee!  
I shall have passed life’s sorrowing ordeal through,  
But as a troubled dream ’twill seem to be!  
And, as we meet, through heaven’s high dome of blue  
The welcome words shall swell, ‘I have been true!’ ”

BAY, RED. . . . . LOVE'S MEMORY.

My heart is like the ocean shell—  
Though from the home it loves exiled,  
Still echoes through its winding cell  
The wave's sad music, soft and wild.

Ah! thus thy voice, too dear to me,  
Will still keep sweetly murmuring low;  
Still haunt the heart that beats for thee,  
And bless me wheresoe'er I go!

FANNY FAY.



COULD I WEEP AS I HAVE WEPT.

“COULD I weep as I have wept,  
Could I value vows once broken,  
Thou might'st scorn the love I've kept,  
Like some sad but sacred token,—  
Token of some boyish pleasure  
Which, in early days, was treasure. . .

“Treasure kept from all apart,  
Worship'd, sought in secret still,  
Like an altar of the heart,  
On some lone and shrouded hill,  
Where, by night, at starry hours,  
Came an angel down with flow'rs.

“Though the altar-place be bare,  
And the flow'rs have felt the blast,  
Still it once was holy there,  
And I love it for the past.  
Though the angel fell—the flow'rs,  
They were brought from holy bow'rs.”

W. G. SIMMS.

BROOM, SPANISH. . . . . . LIGHT OF MY LIFE.

“HERE’s the garden she walked across,  
    Arm in my arm, such a short while since;  
Hark, now I push its wicket, the moss  
    Hinders the hinges and makes them wince!  
She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,  
    As back with that murmur the wicket swung,  
For she laid the poor snail, my chance foot spurned,  
    To feed and forget it the leaves among.

“Down this side of the gravel-walk  
    She went while her robe’s edge brushed the box:  
And here she paused in her gracious talk  
    To point me a moth on the milk-white flox.  
Roses, ranged in valiant row,  
    Think will I never she passed you by!  
She loves noble roses, I know;  
    But yonder, see where the rock-plants lie!

“This flower she stopped at, finger on lip;  
    Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim,  
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,  
    Its soft meandering Spanish name;  
What a name! was it love, or praise?  
    Speech half-asleep, or song half-awake?  
I must learn Spanish one of these days,  
    Only for that slow sweet name’s sake.

“Roses, if I live and do well,  
    I may bring her, one of these days,  
To fix you fast with as fine a spell,  
    Fit you each with his Spanish phrase!  
But do not detain me now; for she lingers  
    There, like sunshine over the ground,  
And ever I see her soft white fingers  
    Searching after the bud she found.

“Flower, you Spaniard, look that you grow not,  
    Stay as you are and be loved for ever!

THE FLORAL OFFERING.

Bud, if I kiss you, 'tis that you blow not,  
Mind that the pink mouth opens never!  
For while thus it pouts, her fingers wrestle,  
Twinkling the audacious leaves between,  
Till round they turn, and down they nestle—  
Is not the dear mark still to be seen?

“Where I find her not, beauties vanish;  
Whither I follow her, beauties flee;  
Is there no method to tell her in Spanish  
June's twice June since she breathed it with me?  
Come, bud, show me the least of her traces,  
Treasure my lady's lightest footfall—  
Ah, you may flout and turn up your faces!  
Roses, you are not so fair after all.”

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BUTTERCUP. . . . . A SMILE FOR ALL.

He bade me be happy—he whispered “forget me!”  
He vowed my affection was cherished in vain.  
“Be happy! forget me!” I would if he'd let me—  
Why *will* he keep coming to say so again?

He came,—it was not the first time, by a dozen—  
To take, as he said, “*an eternal adieu!*”  
He went, and, for comfort, I turned to—my cousin,  
When back stalked the torment his vows to renew!

“You must love me no longer!” he said but this morning:  
“I love you no longer!” I meekly replied:  
“Is this my reward?” he cried; “falsehood and scorning  
From her, who was ever my idol, my pride?”

He bade me be happy,—he murmured “forget me!  
Go into the gayest society, Jane!”  
And I would obey him right well, if he'd let me;  
But, the moment I do,—he comes loving again!

F. S. O.

BUTTERFLY WEED. . . . . LET ME GO.

—♦—  
You tell me I'm a rover—  
    Fanny, sweet!  
You who chain me, still a lover,  
    At your feet.

Heaven knows I would forget thee,  
    If I could;  
If—you witch!—you'd only let me,  
    And you *should*!

But your image dances still  
    Before my face,  
And I watch, against my will,  
    Its wavy grace.

If I turn to see another,  
    Then it tries,  
With its little hands, to cover  
    Both my eyes.

Then how can I forget thee,  
    Fanny, say?  
When you will not even let me  
    *Look* away!

If another's voice would chide my  
    Dream divine,  
Low, pleading, sweet, beside me,  
    Falters thine!

Then how, suppose I wanted,  
    Could I fly,  
With my heart and ear enchanted,  
    By your sigh?

Ah! my soul would break the fetter,  
    Even here,  
If you would try to let her—  
    Fanny, dear.

F. S. O.

ANEMONE.—HAREBELL.—SPIDERWORT.

Thou art false, and I resign myself to my fate.

—  
FORGOTTEN! all the love—the pride,  
I lavished on thy breast,  
So soon—so coldly cast aside,  
Unpitied and unblest!

Forgotten! ere the glorious smile,  
In my soul left by thee,  
Has gone out like a star's pure light,  
Within a troubled sea!

Forgotten! ere thy last fond kiss  
Has ceased to thrill my heart!—  
Ere with the memory of thy touch,  
My happy hand can part!

Forgotten! while thy soul-tuned voice  
Still lingers on mine ear,  
In those deep, low, impassioned tones,  
That Love so loves to hear!

Forgotten! then let *all* forget!—  
I lose the world with thee—  
I ask no love—no hope—no faith—  
Since *thou* art false to me!

F. S. O.









CAMELLIA JAPONICA. . . . . QUEEN OF THE HEART.

RAVEN bands of hair  
Droop in graceful braiding;  
Eyes of beauty rare,  
Flash beneath their shading.

Eyes whose jet-like hue,  
Deep and rich and tender,  
Speak a spirit true,  
Softening all their splendor.

Cheek whereon the rose,  
But when feeling wakes it,  
Breaks the pure repose,  
Ah! how lightly breaks it!

Lips of crimson glow,  
From whose sweet enclosure  
Loving words and low  
Steal with rare composure.

Stately in her pace,  
Yet so softly, wearing  
All a cygnet's grace  
In her queenly bearing!

But the heart within,  
All her looks informing,  
Kindling every blush,  
Every dimple warming!

Making her a joy,  
And an hourly blessing,  
In each kind employ,  
In each fond caressing.

Yielding true and calm,  
To each household duty!  
Goodness sheds a balm  
O'er her maiden beauty.

F. S. O.

CANTERBURY BELL. . . . . I LOVE THEE STILL.

To . . . . .

STILL dreaming on!—and still upon thy brow,  
The deepening traces of thy soul's unrest,  
A weary “prisoner of Hope” art thou,  
And what is life to thee with love unblest?

My own fair dreams have vanished quite away,  
I read my destiny, when last we met;  
But happier far than thou,—one lingering ray  
Of light and inward joy is left me yet.

*I love thee still!*—Such love as angels know,  
As guardian angels know for thee and me!  
No thought of self disturbs the equal flow  
Of the life-current that hath set towards thee.

I love and fear, because my vision reads  
The daily strife thine actions oft disclose,  
Between the higher life thy spirit needs,  
And earth-born aims invading thy repose.

My warning mission will not be in vain  
If I but teach thy soul to plume her wings,  
And every day some higher region gain,  
Where she may converse hold with lofty things.

If sometimes when I come with silent wing,  
To soothe with cheering notes each thought of pain,  
Thy listening heart should hear me when I sing,  
And deem the music not an earthly strain;

But sent to rouse thee from desponding thought,  
And sinful discontent: because, in vain,  
One crystal fount of love hath long been sought,  
While streams of joy untasted yet remain.

And if the pulses of thy soul should thrill  
Responsive to the pleading voice of song,  
And thy enkindled eyes reveal a will  
Forever pledged to triumph over wrong;

THE FLORAL OFFERING.

To struggle on, though dark the way and drear,  
To watch with patience for the morning light,  
To murmur not, if to thy hope denied,  
The one lone star, that might have cheered thy night;

Ah! surely then I shall not vainly live,  
Nor my unselfish love for thee deplore,  
Nor feel one pang if thou shouldst never give  
Aught but an idle thought to—Leonore.

M. L. SEWARD.

CARNATION. . . . . A BLUSH.

SHE loves him yet!  
I know by the blush that rises,  
Beneath the curls,  
That shadow her soul-lit cheek;  
She loves him yet!  
Through all love's sweet disguises,  
In timid girls,  
A blush will be sure to speak.

Her cheek was very eloquent,  
For there her feelings spoke;  
Like summer's rosy lightning,  
The color o'er it broke:  
While bewitching smiles and dimples  
Chased its beautiful repose,  
Like a zephyr and a sunbeam  
At play upon a rose.

F. S. O.

TO CARNATIONS.

“STAY while ye will, or goe,  
And leave no scent behind ye,  
Yet trust me I shall know,  
The place where I may find ye.  
Within my Lucia's cheek,  
Whose livery ye wear,  
Play ye at hide or seeke,  
I'm sure to find ye there.”

HERRICK.

CERES, NIGHT BLOOMING. . . . . "MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT ALONE."

"COME when the evening into silence closes,  
When the pale stars steal out upon the blue;  
And watchful zephyrs, to the virgin roses,  
Descend, in sweetest murmurs, bringing dew;  
Come to the heart that sadly then declining,  
Would need a soothing day has never known;  
Come like those stars upon the night cloud shining,  
And bless me with a beauty all thine own.  
Beauty of songs and tears,  
And blessed tremulous fears—  
Beauty that shrinks from every gaze but one;  
Ah! for the dear delight,  
The music of thy sight,  
I yield the day, the lonely day, and live for night alone.

"It is no grief that, in the night hour only,  
The love that is our solace may be sought;  
Day mocks the soul that is in rapture lonely,  
And voices break the spell with sorrow fraught;  
Better that single, silent star above us,  
And still around us that subduing hush,  
As of some brooding wing, ordained to love us,  
That spells the troubled soul and soothes its gush;  
Shadows that still beguile,  
Sorrows that wear a smile,  
Griefs that in dear delusions lead away—  
And O! that whispering tone,  
Breathed, heard by one alone,  
That, as it dies—a wordless sound—speaks more than words can say."

W. G. SIMMS.

CLEMATIS. . . . . MENTAL BEAUTY.

“YOUNG Emily has temples fair,  
Caressed by locks of dark brown hair.

“A thousand sweet humanities  
Speak wisely from her hazel eyes.

“Her speech is ignorant of command,  
And yet can lead you like a hand.

“Her white teeth sparkle when the eclipse  
Is laughter-moved of her red lips.

“She moves—all grace—with gliding limbs,  
As a white-breasted cygnet swims.

“In her sweet childhood Emily  
Was wild with natural gayety,  
A little creature, full of laughter,  
Who cast no thought before or after,  
And knew not custom or its chains.  
The dappled fawns upon the plains,  
The birds that love the upper sky,  
Lived not in lovelier liberty.

“But with this natural merriment,  
Mind and the ripening years have blent  
A thoughtfulness—not melancholy—  
Which wins her life away from folly;  
Checking somewhat the natural gladness,  
But saved, by that it checks, from sadness—  
Like clouds athwart a May-morn sailing,  
Which take the golden light they’re veiling.

“She loves her kind, and shuns no duty;  
Her virtues sanctify her beauty;  
And all who know her say that she  
Was born for man’s felicity—  
I know that she was born for mine.  
Dearer than any joy of wine,  
Or pomp, or gold, or man’s loud praise,  
Or purple power, art thou to me—  
Kind cheerer of my clouded ways—  
Young vine upon a rugged tree!”

CONVOLVULUS. . . . . ASPIRATION.

A CARELESS rill was dreaming,  
One fragrant summer night;  
It dreamed a star lay gleaming  
With heavenly looks of light,  
Soft cradled on its own pure breast,  
That rose and fell, and rocked to rest,  
With lulling wave, its radiant guest,  
In silent beauty beaming;

And like a lute's low sighing,  
The rill sang to the star,  
"Why camest thou, fondly flying,  
From those blue hills afar?  
All calm and cold without thy ray,  
I slept the long dark night away—  
Ah! child of heaven! forever stay!"  
No sweet voice rose replying.

"Oh, glorious truant! listen!  
Wilt fold thy shining wings,  
That softly glance and glisten  
The while the wavelet sings?  
Wilt dwell with me? I'll give thee flowers,—  
Our way shall be through balmy bowers,  
And song and dance shall charm the hours:—  
My star-love! dost thou listen?

"No gorgeous garden-blossom,  
In regal grace and bloom,  
May pour upon my bosom  
Its exquisite perfume;  
But I may wreath, with wild flowers rare,  
That softly breathe, thy golden hair,—  
The violet's tear shall tremble there.  
A fair though fragile blossom!"

Alas! when morning slowly  
Stole o'er the distant hill,  
From that sweet dream, so holy,  
It woke—the sorrowing rill!  
No "child of heaven" lay smiling there,—  
'Twas but a vision bright and rare,  
That blessed, as passed the star in air,  
The rivulet lone and lowly.

KATE CAROL.

CORN. . . . . RICHES.

CUPID, in a pet one day,  
Pouting with a dainty rage,  
Flung his downy darts away,  
Angry at our hardened age.  
Tears were in his azure eyes;—  
“Once,” he cried, “my aim was true;  
Once the simple, gay, and wise  
Felt my power where’er I flew!  
Hearts of stone! no shaft divine,  
*Slings* henceforth my weapon be!  
Give me, wealth, thy ingots fine,—  
*These ensure my victory!”*

F. S. O.

RUTH.

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,  
Clasped by the golden light of morn,  
Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

Round her eyes her tresses fell;  
Which were blackest none could tell;  
But long lashes veiled a light  
That had else been all too bright:

And her hat, with shady brim,  
Made her tressy forehead dim.  
Thus she stood amid the stooks,  
Praising God with her sweet looks.

“Sure,” I said—“Heaven did not mean,  
Where I reap thou should’st but glean;  
Lay thy sheaf adown, and come  
Share my harvest and my home.”

HOOD.

COWSLIP, AMERICAN. . . . . You smile on All.

“I LOVED a star—a beautiful star—  
In its home of blue;  
And I said, ‘Dear star! doth the golden ray,  
That cometh adown—doth it come to say,  
I will love thee too?’

“But the star looked down with a fond, sweet smile,  
From its heavenly home,  
And said, ‘There are many who love me now,  
And I have a ray for *each*, I trow—  
Not for *thee* alone.’

"I loved a flower—a sweet, wild flower,  
    In a sunny dell—  
And I said, 'Bend hither thy beauteous head,  
    And around my heart the fragrance shed  
        Of thine own love's spell.'

“But the young flower bent its deep blue eye,  
    And a tear let fall,  
‘Oh! many a fond word comes to me,  
And many a loving face I see:  
    I must love *them all!*”

“Then I turned away from the star and flower,  
For my dream was o'er.  
I had sought a heart to be mine alone;  
I had yearned for a love to be all mine own;  
I will love no more.”

CYPRESS. . . . . MOURNFUL THOUGHTS.

STRANGE shadows o'er my pathway have been sweeping,  
And dirge-like music floats upon the air;  
Earth's tender blossoms on her breast are sleeping,  
And I shall soon be gathered with them there.

This languid pulse doth herald, all too surely,  
The early doom of her who, yesterday,  
Amid hope's fairy visions smiled securely,  
Nor mark'd the sad refrain—Away—away!

Away!—Away! Life's passion's flowers are faded.  
How fair they were, when first upon my brow—  
Ere yet with hues of care 'twas darkly shaded—  
I twin'd them gaily where they perish now!

I know that lov'd ones, o'er my pillow bending,  
Will think to plant the *Cypress* near my head—  
Will deem the white *Rose* and the *Lily* blending,  
Meet floral emblems of the early dead.

*Thou* wilt not gather from their leafy bowers  
A single bloom that whispers of decay,  
Telling too truly to the mourning hours,  
Of the frail form forever passed away.

But o'er the Roses gentle hands are bearing,  
Thou'l bid the Amaranth in triumph wave;  
And, where the Cypress leans in mute despairing,  
Victorious Laurel shall defy the grave.

And thus with thee I still shall hold communion,  
When angels bear me through the vale of death;  
Too close on earth our spirit's mystic union,  
That it should cease with the departing breath.

'Twere sweet to linger mid Life's sunny flowers—  
Might I but strew them in thy path of care:  
But God hath call'd me to eternal bowers,  
And I shall wait in gladness for thee there.

M. L. SEWARD.

DAISY. . . . . "YOUNG, LOVELY, LOVING, AND BELOVED."

HERE she was wont to go—and here—and here!  
Just where these daisies, pinks and violets grow:  
The world may find the spring by following her,  
For other print her airy steps ne'er left:  
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,  
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk;  
But like the soft west wind she stole along,  
And where she went the flowers took thickest root,  
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot.

BEN JONSON.

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep  
Need we to prove a God is here;  
The Daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,  
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,  
And pours the day-spring's living flood,  
Wondrous alike in all he tries,  
Could rear the Daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,  
Its fringed border finely spin,  
And cut the gold-embossed gem  
That sets in silver gleams within?

And fling it, unrestrained and free,  
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,  
That man, where'er he walks, may see  
In every step the stamp of God?

JOHN MASON GOOD.

ROSE. . . . . BEAUTY AND LOVE.

COME with that true heart, all petty doubts scorning;  
Come with that smile, which is day to my night;  
Come with those blushes, that mock a May morning,  
Dear truant tell-tales of love and delight.

Come with that step, like a flower-sylph in fleetness;  
Come with those tresses that gleam as they flow;  
Come with that lute-tone's ineffable sweetness;  
Breathe on my bosom its melody low.

Gem of a life, that is joyless without thee!  
Rose in Hope's wilderness! bird of Love's bower!  
Balm, light and melody floating about thee;—  
Which art thou, darling—bird, jewel or flower?

F. S. O.









DAISY, WHITE. . . . . CHILDHOOD.

COME hither, you wild little will-o'-the-wisp!  
With your mischievous smile and your musical lisp;  
With your little head tossed, like a proud fairy queen,  
My playful, my pretty, my petted Florine!

Did you beg of a shell, love, the blush on your face?  
Did you ask a gazelle, love, to teach you its grace?  
Did you coax, from the clouds, of a sunset serene,  
The gold of your ringlets, bewitching Florine?

Did you learn of a lute, or a bird, or a rill,  
The ravishing tones that with melody thrill?  
Ah! your little light heart wonders what I can mean,  
For you know not the charm of your beauty, Florine!

F. S. O.

“As then, I see her slender size,  
Her flowing locks upon her shoulder—  
A six years’ loss to Paradise,  
And ne’er on earth the child grew older!

“Three times the flowers have dropped away,  
Three winters glided gaily o’er us,  
Since here, upon that morn in May,  
The little maiden stood before us.

“These are the elms, and this the door,  
With trailing woodbine overshadowed;  
But from the step, forevermore,  
The sunlight of that child has faded!”

DANDELION. . . . . HE IS NOT WORTH THE TROUBLE.

—  
We have been belles together  
In Fashion's fair saloons!  
Light as a fairy feather,  
We tripped to joyous tunes.  
Though wintry-wild the weather,  
'Twas summer on thy brow;  
We have been belles together—  
Shall a light beau part us now?

We have been wild together  
At pic-nic and at fair!  
The flowers that gemmed the heather,  
Were not more free from care.  
The vows *thy* lovers faltered  
Ne'er changed *my* cheerful brow;  
My heart is still unaltered—  
Shall a false beau part us now?

We have been belles together!  
Oh! let us still be so!  
Forget his vows forever;  
Forget the brainless beau!  
Still dress your hair like mine, love;  
Clear up that clouded brow;  
To you I'll all resign, love—  
Shall a trifle part us now?

FANNY FAY.

DEW-PLANT. . . . . A SERENADE.

Low my lute—breathe low!—She sleeps!—  
Eulalie!—

While his watch her lover keeps,  
Soft and dewy slumber steeps  
Golden tress and fringed lid  
With the blue heaven 'neath it hid—

Eulalie!—

Low my lute—breathe low!—She sleeps!—  
Eulalie!

Let thy music, light and low,  
Through her pure dream come and go.  
Lute of Love!—with silver flow,  
All my passion, all my woe,  
    Speak for me!

Ask her in her balmy rest,  
Whom her holy heart loves best!  
Ask her if she thinks of me!—  
    Eulalie!—

Low my lute—breathe low!—She sleeps!—  
Eulalie!—

Slumber while thy lover keeps  
Fondest watch and ward for thee,  
    Eulalie!

F. S. O.

FAIRY'S GLOVE, OR FOX-GLOVE. . . . . I AM NOT CHANGED,—THEY WRONG ME.

THE deepest wrong that thou couldst do,  
Is thus to doubt my love for thee;  
For questioning that, thou question'st too  
My truth, my pride, my purity.

'Twere worse than falsehood thus to meet  
Thy least caress, thy lightest smile,  
Nor feel my heart exulting beat  
With sweet, impassioned joy the while.

The deepest wrong that thou couldst do,  
Is thus to doubt my faith professed!  
How should I, love, be less than true,  
When thou art noblest, bravest, best?

F. S. O.

OH! they never can know that heart of thine,  
Who dare accuse *thee* of flirtation!  
They might as well say that the stars, which shine  
In the light of their joy o'er creation,  
Are flirting with every wild wave in which lies  
One beam of the glory that kindles the skies.

Smile on, then, undimmed in your beauty and grace!  
Too well e'er to doubt, love, we know you;—  
And shed, from your heaven, the light of your face,  
Where the waves chase each other below you;  
For none can e'er deem it *your* shame or *your* sin,  
That each wave holds your star image smiling within.

FANNY FAY.

FLAX. . . . . UTILITY.

God might have made the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small—  
The oak tree and the cedar tree—  
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough  
For every want of ours,  
For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine  
Requireth none to grow,  
Nor does it need the lotus flower  
To make the river flow.

And clouds might give abundant rain,  
The nightly dews might fall,  
And the herb that keepeth life in man  
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
And dyed with rainbow light,  
All fashioned with supremest grace,  
Up-springing day and night—

Springing in valleys green and low,  
And on the mountain high,  
And in the silent wilderness,  
Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not—  
Then wherefore had they birth?  
To minister delight to man,  
To beautify the earth—

To comfort man, to whisper hope  
Whene'er his faith is dim,  
For *whoso careth for the flowers,*  
*Will much more care for Him!?*

MARY HOWITT.

FLOWER OF AN HOUR. . . . . I AM GOING.

---

“ONÉ day young frolic Cupid tried  
To scatter roses o'er the hours,  
And on the dial's face to hide  
The course of time with many flowers.

“By chance, his rosy wreaths had wound  
Upon the hands and forced them on;  
And when he looked again, he found  
The hours had passed, the time was gone.

““Alas!” said Love, and dropped his flowers,  
‘I've lost my time in idle play;  
The sweeter I would make the hours,  
The quicker they are passed away.’”

---

“WHY is it thus that fairest things  
The soonest fleet and die?  
That when most light is on their wings,  
They're then but spread to fly?

“And, sadder still, the pain will stay;  
The bliss no more appears;  
As rainbows take their light away—  
And leave us but their tears.”

---

Good bye, good bye, sweet dream!  
Fly back—fly back to Heaven!  
Ere daylight's daring beam  
The veil of night has riven.

For none save thou and I  
Must know what joy doth beam  
My precious pillow nigh;—  
Good bye, good bye, sweet dream!

FANNY FAY.

FORGET ME NOT. . . . . "FAIL ME NOT THOU."

—♦—  
"I SIGH to leave these moonlit groves,  
That hear, and long have heard, our loves;  
I weep this gentle clime to fly,  
These blessed airs, that maiden sky;  
I mourn that hearts which never yet  
Till now have suffered one regret,  
Should thus the cruel doom deplore  
That neither heart had feared before.

"And wilt thou sigh when I am gone,  
And seek these moonlit groves alone?  
And wilt thou weep the hapless fate  
That made and keeps us desolate?  
And wilt thou mourn that, torn apart  
Each gentle sense and clinging heart,  
We thus the cruel doom deplore  
We had not felt or fear'd before?

"And, O! by our remember'd loves,  
Lead thou none other to these groves:  
And whisper in no other ear  
The happy tones 'twas mine to hear;  
And let no other hand be press'd  
Upon the heart where mine was bless'd;  
And keep thy charms as things apart,  
Things sacred to my lonely heart.

"I could not bear, though now no more  
I taste the joys so dear before,  
That other ears should win the tone  
That bless'd and still should bless, my own;  
That other bosoms should recline  
Upon the heaving swell of thine;  
And other hearts than mine should prove  
The pure, sweet triumph of thy love."

FRANKINCENSE. . . . . THE INCENSE OF THE HEART.

In the confiding hope of youth  
I yielded thee my heart,  
With its deep mines of love and truth—  
And is it *thus* we part?

In childhood's careless, joyous time,  
“In girlhood's lightsome mood,”  
In sobered maiden's thoughtful prime,  
With wild hopes all subdued—

Thou'st been the best beloved of all,  
In Nature or in Art,  
My thought in joy—in sorrow's thrall—  
And is it thus we part?

Thy love has blessed with many a view  
Of joy my darkened sight,  
Thy heaven-born dreams—so pure and true,  
Were day unto my night.

’Tis gone—’tis past—the light has fled,  
And darkness fills my heart;  
But “blessings on thy way, beloved!”  
Oh! is it thus we part?

This is “the requiem of years”  
In idol-worship past,  
The wail above departed hopes,  
The cherished and the last.

To know we ne'er again should meet,  
But should unite in heart,  
*That* thought were sad—but life is fleet:  
*Thus* could I bear to part.

But as the Indian devotee,  
By heathen dreams betrayed,  
Beneath his idol's jeweled car,  
His form in frenzy laid,

So have I thrown myself, for hope,  
Upon thy heedless heart;  
The car passed on—so paskest thou,  
*As* reckless *how* we part!

A. Q. P.

GENTIANA FRITTILLARIA. . . . . A BLESSING.

“I MAY not break the spell  
Thy beauty wove around me,  
Till time shall loose the silver cord  
That long to earth hath bound me.  
I see thee smile on loftier ones,  
And mark the proud caress thee;  
Yet when my lips would ope to curse,  
They never fail to bless thee.

“One memory round me everywhere,  
One task in silence set me—  
The ever, ever thinking on,  
And striving to forget thee.  
And though for age the goading thought  
To madness thus oppress me,  
I may not curse—I cannot hate—  
My heart still whispers ‘bless thee!’ ”

M. E. H.

GLORY FLOWER. . . . . . YOU ARE MORE THAN BEAUTIFUL.

To . . . . .

ALL joy, all hope, go with you, sweet,  
And though too soon we part,  
Be summer round your airy feet,  
And summer in your heart.

The dimple dancing on your cheek,  
Your dark, deep, Spanish eyes,  
Still win to warm their loveliness,  
Stray sunbeams from the skies.

And flowers of Thought and Fancy, dear,  
And founts of Feeling true,  
But make the glory of the year  
A sister unto you!

F. S. O.

~~~~~  
MARY.

I KNOW a *star*—whose light illumines  
The wildest gloom with warmth and glory;  
I know a *rose*—whose blush outbloomes  
The loveliest lip in olden story.

I know a *lute*—whose warble low,  
Might lure an angel down to listen;  
I know a *pearl*—whose tender glow  
Is dearer than all gems that glisten.

And who this treasure rich and rare,  
Whose witchery every moment varies?  
The smile—the lip—the voice—the tear—  
The star, rose, lute and pearl are *Mary's*.

F. S. O.

GRASS. . . . . UNPRETENDING GOODNESS.

THE royal rose—the tulip's glow,—  
The jasmine's gold are fair to see,  
But while the graceful grasses grow,  
Oh! gather *them* for me!

The pansy's gold and purple wing,  
The snow-drop's smile may light the lea,  
But while the fragrant grasses spring,  
*My* wreath of them shall be!

F. S. O.

A LIVING poem round me breathes  
Light, color, melody and air,—  
In all, divinest music wreathes—  
Through earth and sky—Creation's prayer!

The dreaming cloud sails by in heaven,  
Its gliding shadow dims the grass,  
That tranquil takes whate'er is given,  
Breeze, shade and sunshine as they pass;

And ever as it grows, it sings  
Its own sweet hymn of lowly love;  
Soft on its faintly fragrant wings,  
The fairy murmur floats above.

The lightest chord of Nature's lyre,  
Forever tuned to joy and praise!—  
Oh! happy heart! join *thou* the choir—  
With breeze and bird the anthem raise.

As meekly springs the dew-fed grass,  
With softest song, through shade and shine,  
Oh! trustful let the shadows pass!  
And grow to meet the light divine!

F. S. O.

## CHINA-ASTER AND FUCHSIA.

Caprice is a woman's privilege.

I THINK of you, love, every moment,—  
When I have a moment to spare—  
But the beaux, that are buzzing around me,  
All claim of attention a share.  
There's dashing, distingue Lord Harry,  
And wicked, but witty Sir John;—  
'Tis said they're determined to marry:—  
Don't you think—you had better come on?

I miss you *so much*,—when alone, love;  
But I've one consolation, you'll hear:  
I practice duetts with—my own love!—  
My cousin, young Clarence de Vere.  
His manly voice chords with mine finely,  
You'd think they would melt into one;  
He sings “*Mia Cara*” divinely;  
He wants to know—*when you'll come on!*

Your letters are truly delightful!—  
That is—what I've read of them, dear!—  
But old Father Time has grown spiteful;  
He flies like a fairy king here.  
I've learned the new waltz with Lord Harry;  
I'm reading Rousseau with Sir John;  
How very impassioned his style is!  
*Mamma* thinks—you'd better come on.

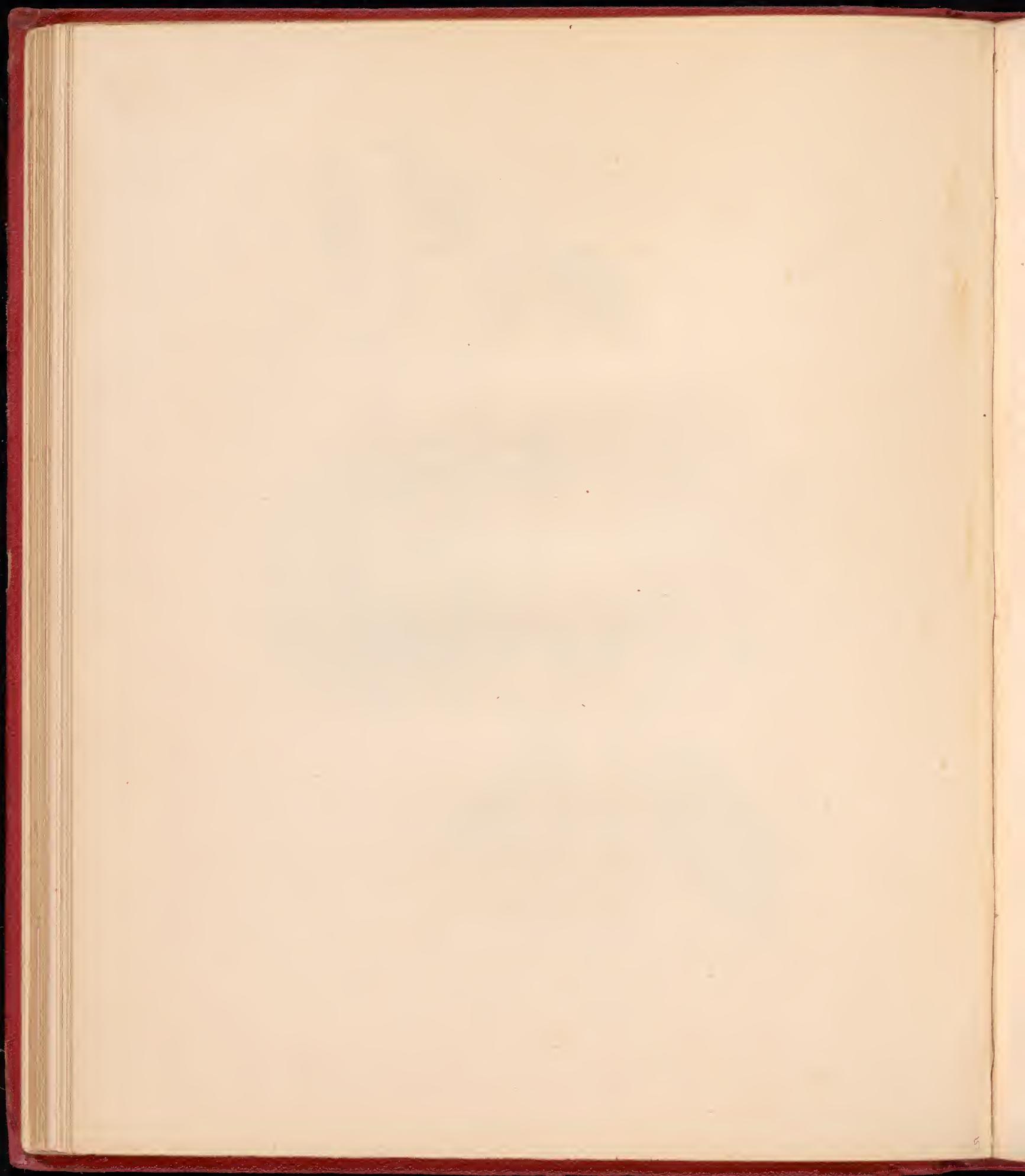
Don't hurry your business for me, sir—  
Don't trouble yourself in the least—  
I'm glowing with health, as you'll see, sir;  
My appetite's lately increased;  
I've quite cured that troublesome cough, love,  
For I ride every day—with Sir John—  
And I'm not sure but I shall—*go off*, love,  
By the time—you conclude to *come on!*

F. S. O.









HAREBELL. . . . . RESIGNATION.

—  
PERHAPS you think it right and just,  
Since you are bound by nearer ties,  
To greet me with that careless tone,  
With those serene and silent eyes.

So let it be! I only know,  
If I were in your place to-night,  
I would not grieve *your* spirits so  
For all God's worlds of life and light.

I could not turn, as you have done,  
From every memory of the past;  
I could not fling from soul and brow  
The shade that feeling should have cast.

Oh! think how it must deepen all  
The pangs of wild remorse and pride,  
To feel, that *you* can coldly see  
The grief *I* vainly strive to hide!

The happy star, who fills her urn  
With glory from the God of Day,  
Can never miss the smile he lends  
The wild-flower withering fast away.

The fair, fond girl, who at your side,  
Within your soul's dear light doth live,  
Could hardly have the heart to chide  
The ray that Friendship well might give.

But if you deem it right and just,  
Blessed as you are in your glad lot,  
To greet me with that heartless tone,  
So let it be! I blame you not!

VIOLET VANE.

HEART'S-EASE. . . . . CHEERFUL CONTENT.

---

I know no loneliness of heart,—no shadowy ideal,  
No sighing for the unattained,—the beautiful unreal;  
My happiness is ever near in treasures few and small;  
My lowly hopes are realized in young fruition all.

And mine the spirit still at home in sorrow and in joy,  
That loseth not its sweet content at thought of earth's annoy;  
The violet, that bides the storm, is freshened in its blue,  
And sorrow beats upon the heart to strengthen and renew.

I know not why I do not love what others love on earth,  
Nor why what others seem to prize to me is nothing worth;  
Nor why I feel so trustful of every one I see,  
Until my heart belongs to them more than it does to me.

The flower upon our mantle-shelf—my brother's flute at night,  
The way-worn letter from afar that bringeth pure delight,  
The voices of my darling ones that own no parlor tone,  
With these to sun my little world, I could not feel alone.

I have an earthly mother, and my home is in her heart,  
And ever more I nestle there, though we are far apart;  
And earthly sisters too I have, and brothers for my love,  
That cluster round me like the stars in the bright heaven above.

In fancy only I can live and love beside them now,  
In fancy only I can feel their kisses on my brow:  
I cannot see the hands I pressed,—the ringlets I have curled;  
My head that used to lean on them is rested on the world.

I know that heaven is near to earth where'er my lot may fall;  
I know that they will pray for me—the frailest of them all;  
And I, if I were growing gray, should sleep the sleep of youth,  
For my soul is rocked to slumber on the bosom of their truth.

There is a worldly wisdom that preacheth to despise  
The chime of youthful feeling, that impulsively replies  
To the whisper of affection, wherever it may spring,  
And proffer to the gazing world its fragrant blossoming.

THE FLORAL OFFERING.

The dew refuseth not to bathe the dusty wayside flowers,  
Restoring to the faded grass the green of vernal hours;  
And though the faith were all disproved another hath professed,  
The withered soul may be revived upon a loving breast.

I would not blush to give away whatever I possess  
Of artless and confiding faith, and woman's tenderness;  
I would not blush to wrap my thoughts around one pulse that thrills  
With the delicious sense of life, that all my being fills.

Though love is widowed of its trust, and weeps the living death,  
And Genius, bending to its clay, foregoes the ivy wreath,  
The only night that I could know would be the soul's eclipse,  
The guile that worketh at the heart—the falsehood on the lips.

PICCIOLA.

HELENIA. . . . . TEARS.

—♦—  
THEY say I'm just like thee, child;  
I grieve to hear them so,  
For thou art glad and free, child,  
While I am worn with woe.

They say I'm just like thee, love—  
Alas! they cannot know,  
Who mark my smiles of glee, love,  
The sourcee from whence they flow.

A pride I would not alter,  
Forbids me to reveal,  
Howe'er my soul may falter  
The wretchedness I feel.

And so with idle laughter  
I while away the hours,  
And weep in secret after  
O'er memory's buried flowers.

They say I'm all too wild, love,  
They chide my reckless joy;  
They call me but a child, love,  
That plays with every toy.

“A child!” they little know, love,  
The woman-woes I've proved;  
“Too wild!” 'tis but to show, love,  
A soul by grief unmoved.

And so with seeming laughter  
I while away the hours,  
And weep a moment after  
O'er memory's buried flowers!

Yet I was once like thee, sweet;  
A singing bird in spring,  
My spirit fluttered free, sweet,  
On light and sportive wing;

THE FLORAL OFFERING.

But Love his arrow sent, love,  
And broke the buoyant wing,  
And changed to wild lament, love,  
The song I used to sing.

And now with mocking laughter,  
I wile away the hours,  
And weep in anguish after,  
O'er memory's buried flowers!

F. S. O



HELIOTROPE. . . . . SOUL OF MY SOUL!

THE SUNBEAM'S LOVE.

A LITTLE wild flower, lone and sad,  
Was shaded so by leaves above,  
The light that made her sisters glad,  
Denied to her its smile of love.

But once the warmest, sunniest ray  
That ever thrilled a blossom's heart,  
Through the dark foliage found its way,  
With Love's own soft, beguiling art.

The wild flower blushed and smiled and wept,  
But trembling, let the rover in;  
Till on her breast it softly slept,  
Too pure, too blest for shame or sin.

Bloom, beauty, balm undreamed of yore  
Enrich the blossom's beating heart;  
And leaves, it had not known before,  
Thrill to that warm, sweet smile—and part.

In soft surprise, it murmured low,  
“The rose is far more fair than I—  
Why do you, darling, love me so?”  
And the ray said, “I know not why!

THE FLORAL OFFERING.

“Nor care I, dear—I only feel,  
That thou art all I ask to me,  
With Heaven’s light on my wings, I steal  
To find my dearer Heaven in thee!”

And the glad flower, unquestioning more,  
With fond embrace, enfolds the ray,  
Till, ah! the noon has fled, and o’er  
The wildwood fades that Eden day.

Recalled to Heaven, the sunbeam flies,  
The sorrowing blossom folds its leaves,  
And shuts, to hide the tears, its eyes,  
And still and lonely, dreams and grieves!

The stars float calmly through the night,  
And smile on Nature’s frailest child—  
She does not heed their holy light,  
She loves too well her grief so wild!

The night breeze coming, hears her weep,  
And whispers low, “Why mourns my flower?”  
Ah! then the blossom feigns to sleep,  
And shrinks within her leafy bower.

And to herself, she sings all night,  
“My glorious love, come back to me!  
I have no joy, no bloom, no light,  
Oh, I am nothing without thee!”

F. S. O.

HELLEBORE. . . . . CALUMNY.

A WHISPER woke the air,  
A soft, light tone, and low,  
Yet barbed with shame and woe.  
Ah! might it only perish there,  
Nor farther go!

But no! a quick and eager ear  
Caught up the little, meaning sound—  
Another voice has breathed it clear—  
And so it wandered round  
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,  
Until it reached a gentle heart  
That throbbed, from all the world apart,  
And that—it broke!

It was the only *heart* it found—  
The only heart 'twas meant to find,  
When first its accents woke.  
It reached that gentle heart at last,  
And that—it broke!

Low as it seemed to other ears,  
It came a thunder-crash to *hers*—  
That fragile girl, so fair and gay.  
'Tis said, a lovely humming-bird,  
That dreaming in a lily lay,  
Was killed but by the gun's *report*  
Some idle boy had fired in sport;  
So exquisitely frail its frame,  
The very *sound* a death-blow came:

And thus her heart—unused to shame—  
Shrined in *its* lily too—  
(For who the maid that knew,  
But owned the delicate, flower-like grace  
Of her young form and face?)  
Her light and happy heart, that beat  
With love and hope so fast and sweet,  
When first that cruel word it heard,  
It fluttered like a frightened bird—  
Then shut its wings and sighed,  
And with a silent shudder died!

F. S. O.

IRIS. . . . . A MESSAGE.

---

“TELL him, tell him, that in the hall  
I was the light of the festival,  
Tell him how proudly I paced the dance,  
What powers I bore in a word or glance,  
And how each wave of my careless hand  
Seemed a strong spell, like a king’s command.

“Tell him, tell him my lip was wreathed  
With a glad, cold smile, when his name was breathed;  
Tell him I laughed with the proud and cold,  
In mockery deep at those days of old,  
Those dreams of folly, the far, the dim,  
When my haughty spirit was bowed to him.

“But tell him not, tell him not, day by day,  
The light of my dark eye blenched away;  
Tell him not how in hush of night,  
His form would arise to my aching sight,  
Till my hands were clasped o’er my closed eyes,  
To shut out those haunting memories.

“Friend! gentle friend! thou hast loved me long,  
And thy heart is stirred with my woe and wrong;  
Oh! be it ne’er to the false one known  
That my spirit’s worship was his alone.  
In my dying heart is a gush of pride;  
Tell him not, tell him not how I died.

“Say that I passed, in my flush of power,  
A rose, dashed down by a sudden shower;  
A string, which burst in the tide of song,  
Touched by a hand too full and strong;  
A star, that shot from its lofty sphere,  
Losing its lustre and glory here.”

JASMINE, INDIAN. . . . . "SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY LIKE THE NIGHT."

COME, all dark and bright as skies  
With the tender starlight hung,  
Loose the Love from out thine eyes,  
Loose the Angel from thy tongue.

Tell them, Beauty born above,  
From no shade, nor hue doth fly,  
All she asks is Mind, is Love;  
And both upon thine aspect lie.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE bird, whose song impassioned,  
The soul of music, wildly sighs,  
Wears not a wing that's fashioned  
In Beauty's radiant dyes.

The flowers of fragrance lavish,  
Like Love from out a guileless heart,  
No glorious hues to ravish  
The common eye impart.

The lips like rubies glowing,  
Too often curl with scorn and pride,  
The smile most brightly showing,  
A careless heart may hide.

But cheeks we prize most dearly,  
And eyes most sure the soul to win,  
Though Beauty light them rarely,  
Are kindled from within!

F. S. O.

JASMINE, NIGHT-BLOOMING. . . . . ONLY FOR THEE.

As the bud lingers,  
And looks for the spring  
For her light fingers  
To open its wing;

Folding up proudly  
Its fresh dew and bloom;  
Wistfully hoarding  
Its holy perfume;

All unelated  
By sunbeam or bee—  
So my heart waited,  
Looking for *thee*.

As the waves darkle  
Till dawning of day,  
Then with its sparkle  
Go dancing away—

Silent in sorrow,  
Or reckless in glee,  
So my wild spirit watched,  
Darling! for *thee*.

As the bird hushes  
Its love-heaving breast  
Till summer blushes  
About its warm nest—

Dreaming and sleeping  
'Neath winter's control—  
Timidly keeping  
Its song in its soul—

So have *I* kept, dear,  
My heart music free—  
So *love* has slept, dear,  
Waiting for *thee*.

THE FLORAL OFFERING.

As the bark breathlessly  
Floats for the gale  
That shall give life to  
Its languishing sail,

So my heart panted  
*Thy* bark, love, to be—  
So it lay idle,  
Asking for *thee*.

As the star listens  
For night stealing up,  
Ere the fire glistens  
Within its gold cup,

Hiding till then in  
The air's azure sea,  
So my heart listened  
For thee, love—*thee!*

F. S. O.

JASMINE, SPANISH. . . . . RICH AND RARE.

THE DUEUNNA.

“THE blue eyes of the north have charms—  
But give me Seville’s daughters!  
With glances sweet as angels’ smiles,  
And eyes like shaded waters.  
But as the gold the dragon watched,  
Each has her grim duenna,  
A withered, sulky atom,  
As hideous as Gehenna!

“A northern maid is coy and free,  
No perils cross the lover;  
He sues in form—there is a blush—  
A ‘yes!’ and all is over.  
But when a Spanish maid is wooed,  
Full many a danger greets you—  
And if you seek a *tête-à-tête*,  
Her old duenna meets you!

“You scale the walls at dead of night,  
Those Argus eyes have seen you—  
You fling a flower through the grate,  
Her finger shakes between you!  
If now and then you win a glance  
From eyes as dark as henna,  
Alas! when next you look for one,  
You see the grim duenna!”

I SAW her in her Beauty’s pride,  
And Love will name her ever  
The fairest flower that blooms beside  
Her glorious Guadalquiver.

LAURUSTINUS. . . . . I DIE IF NEGLECTED.

THE FLOWER-WRAITH'S REPROACH.

“I DIED in want,  
And my ghost shall haunt  
The maiden night and day;  
For she gave a soul  
To him who stole  
Her love from my life away!

“When moonbeams pale  
Light up the vale,  
And flowerets shut their eyes,  
My balmy breath,  
Exhaled in death,  
Shall float where Lulu lies.

“A spirit-flower,  
I'll haunt the bower  
Of the girl who gave away  
Her soul for a dream!—  
And my sigh shall seem  
The wail of a dying fay.

“In every kiss,  
Of passion and bliss,  
That blushing she yields in fear,  
In each heart-beat,  
When the lovers meet,  
Her lost flower's dirge she'll hear!”

## JACARANDA TORMANTOSA-ARBUTUS.

My Heart and Lute are broken.

ONE radiant eve, in rosy June,  
I lent my love a lute to tune,  
A lute, whose chords had still denied  
Their timid tones to all beside.

At first with softest, tenderest care,  
He touched the strings, in rapture rare,  
And woke the *soul* of music there!  
Until it learned to love so well  
His wondrous, wizard, master-spell,  
If he but smiled, its chords of fire  
Would wildly play like Memnon's lyre.  
But soon he wearied of the toy,  
That once he pressed in pride and joy;  
He swept with heedless hand the lute,  
Or let it languish, lone and mute,  
Until at last, one wintry day,  
In reckless and disdainful play,  
With touch so rude—he strained a string,—  
It broke!—and music's soul took wing!  
While he, for whom it, breaking, sighed,  
Threw by the toy in careless pride,  
And now my hours a blank must be,  
For oh! that lute was life to me!  
Ah! lutes and hearts are fragile things!  
And only *Love* should tune the strings.

F. S. O.









LEMON. . . . . DISCRETION.

---

LOVE UNSPOKEN.

THEY seemed, to those who saw them meet,  
The worldly friends of every day;  
Her smile was undisturbed and sweet,  
His courtesy was free and gay.

But yet, if one the other's name  
In some unguarded moment heard,  
The heart you thought so calm and tame  
Would struggle like a captive bird.

And letters of mere formal phrase  
Were blistered with repeated tears;  
And this was not the work of days,  
But had gone on for years and years.

Alas, that love was not too strong  
For maiden shame and manly pride!  
Alas, that they delayed so long  
The goal of mutual bliss beside!

Yet what no chance could then reveal,  
And neither would be first to own,  
Let fate and courage now conceal,  
When truth could bring remorse alone.

R. M. MILNES.

LILAC, WHITE. . . . . A SIGH.

—  
M Y R R H A.

OH! with a delicate art, how quaintly taught,  
Sweetly around thy lattice thou hast wrought,  
    In many a mazy twine,  
    The forest vine.

Its sweets requite thee, and as summer comes,  
It yields thee precious odors and gay blooms,  
    And, folded in thy breast,  
    Its birds are blest.

Am I less worthy of thy care this hour,  
Than the frail blossom of thy summer bower—  
    Of humbler claim to share  
    Thy smile, thy care?

Why hast thou taught my feelings then to twine  
Thus hopeful round thee like that summer vine,  
    If still denied like rest  
    Upon thy breast?

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

LILY OF THE VALLEY. . . . . SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

To the Lily's sister, with a tiny vase full of Lilies of the Valley.



THIS morn when Aurora above the lake bent, love  
To tie up the braids of her pale, golden hair,  
While the gleam of each tress to its small ripples lent, love,  
Looked just like a star broke and fallen in there.

Away from their banquet the fairies I frightened,  
For I shook from a wet spray a shower-bath of dew,  
And their luminous ringlets all quivered and lightened  
Like fire-flies around me, as swiftly they flew.

Their cut-diamond dinner-set with them departed,  
But one painted vase, full of lilies, was left,—  
Their stateliest treasure—forgot when they started—  
I clasped it and ran—oh! forgive me the theft!

And take it, dear maiden,—and while you are stealing  
The sigh that my fairy bouquet breathes for you,  
Remember the flowers of Fancy and Feeling  
We've twined in bright hours too fleet and too few!

F. S. O.

### THE LILY'S DELUSION.

---

A cold, calm star looked out of Heaven,  
And smiled upon a tranquil lake,  
Where, pure as cloistered nun at even,  
A Lily lay but half awake.

The flower felt that fatal smile,  
And lowlier bowed her conscious head;  
"Why does he gaze on *me* the while?"  
The light-deluded Lily said.

Poor dreaming flower!—too soon beguiled—  
She cast nor thought nor look elsewhere,  
Else she had seen the star but smiled—  
To see *himself* reflected there.

F. S. O.

LILY, YELLOW DAY. . . . . COQUETRY.

—  
NOT WHOLLY JUST.

THE words that trembled on your lips,  
Were uttered not—I know it well;  
The tears that would your eyes eclipse,  
Were checked and smothered ere they fell;  
The looks and smiles I gained from you  
Were little more than others won;  
And yet you are not wholly true,  
Nor, wholly just—what you have done.

You know, at least you might have known,  
That every little grace you gave,  
Your voice's somewhat lowered tone,  
Your hand's faint shake at parting wave,  
Your every sympathetic look  
At words that chanced your soul to touch,  
While reading from some favorite book,  
Were much to me—alas, how much!

You might have seen—perhaps you saw—  
How all of these were steps of hope  
On which I rose, in joy and awe,  
Up to my passion's lofty scope;  
How, after each, a firmer tread  
I planted on the slippery ground,  
And higher raised my venturesome head,  
And ever new assurance found.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And then, when fallen, faint and bruised,  
I saw another's glad success,  
I may have wrongfully accused  
Your heart of vulgar fickleness.  
But even now, in calm review  
Of all I lost and all I won,  
I cannot deem you wholly true,  
Nor, wholly just—what you have done.

R. M. MILNES.

LILY, WATER. . . . . PURITY.

---

THE SOUL FLOWER.

FAIR grew the Lily,  
The vestal of flowers,  
Nursed by the sunshine,  
Kissed by the showers.

Lightly the honey-bee  
Sang of his love;  
Softly the summer air  
Murmured above;

And the wild butterfly,  
Beaming and blest,  
Folded his frolic wings  
On her white breast.

So lent the Lily  
Her leaves to the air,  
Woven of snow and light,  
Holy and fair.

All that came to her  
Went happy away,  
For she was pure,  
And loving and gay.

Balm, light and melody  
Flew to the flower,  
Making an Eden  
Of bliss in her bower.

Meekly she bent  
When the storm darkened by,  
Brightly she smiled again  
To the blue sky.

THE FLORAL OFFERING.

And she thanked God  
For his kindness and care,  
With her heart's incense,  
That rose like a prayer.

Thus pure and beautiful,  
Ne'er could she err;  
For she loved all things,  
And all things, her!

So when Death came to her,  
With her last sigh,  
Up stole the Lily's soul  
Into the sky!

F. S. O.



LOVE IN A MIST. . . . . YOU BEWILDER ME.

—♦—  
A FLOWER-CHARADE.

THE nymphs, in a pet, tripped to Venus one morn,  
And declared to the gay queen of Beauty,  
That the freaks of THE FIRST could no longer be borne,  
That he treated their maiden monitions with scorn,  
And laughed at their lessons of duty.  
They regretted to say that he dreamed but of play,  
While he vowed that he knew more than *they* did,  
And, for their part, they begged she would take him away,  
For with chiding and coaxing him, day after day,  
They were sure that their bloom was quite faded.  
"We would gladly," they sighed, "keep his little wings tied!"  
But the moment we bind him, he cries out,  
"No, no! let me go! I've a shaft—I've a bow."  
Then he sharpens his arrow, and frowns at us so,  
That we fear he will soon put our eyes out!"  
Fair Venus, amused at their innocence, smiled,  
But replied with her wonted suavity,—

THE FLORAL OFFERING.

“My thanks for the tenderness shown to the child;  
I know he is petulant, playful and wild,  
I wish we could teach him more gravity;  
But when he’s seen more of the world, he’ll outgrow,  
I trust, every light peccadillo.  
I wish him to study the languages;—so  
Fit him out for his travels,—at once let him go,  
And Jupiter bless the dear fellow!”  
The white doves were harnessed—the car polished bright—  
THE nymphs and his mother wept o’er him;  
He mounted—he bowed—and away like the light,  
Past comet and star, sped the Paphian sprite,  
With his bow and his arrows before him.  
THE SECOND he reached at the close of the day,  
And he called for a bottle of nectar,  
But the blushing bar-maid murmured “What did you say?  
Is it this?” and she gave him a glass of tokay—  
Ah! do not of mischief suspect her!  
THE LAST stole over his senses wild,  
With a strange, entrancing power;  
He danced—he staggered—he sang—he smiled,  
And at length he wandered away, poor child,  
To weep in the garden-bower!  
His tears sank warm in the earth, and lo!  
A flower sprang up, like a fairy!  
While the girl, as she saw the boy-god go,  
Exclaimed, “He has left me a token though,  
In this blossom, wild, glowing and airy!  
I will name it for him—the stranger bright,  
For I know who it was by his ringlets:”  
So she called it THE WHOLE for the wildered sprite,  
And it blushed and smiled, through its lattice light,  
As she wreathed its soft bloom in her ringlets.

F. S. O.

LUCERN. . . . . LIFE.

“THE hours are viewless angels,  
That still go gliding by,  
And bear each minute’s record up  
To Him who dwells on high.

“And we who walk among them,  
As one by one departs,  
See not that they are hovering  
Forever round our hearts.

“Like summer bees that hover  
Around the idle flowers,  
They gather every act and thought,  
Those viewless angel-hours.

“The poison or the nectar,  
The heart’s deep flower-cups yield,  
A sample still they gather swift,  
And leave us in the field.

“And some flit by on pinions  
Of joyous gold and blue,  
And some flag on with drooping wings  
Of sorrow’s darker hue.

“And still they steal the record,  
And bear it far away;  
Their mission-flight by day or night,  
No magic power can sway.

“And as we spend each minute  
That God to us hath given,  
The deeds are known before His throne,  
The tale is told in Heaven.

“These bee-like hours we see not,  
Nor hear their noiseless wings;  
We only feel, too oft, when flown,  
That they have left their stings.

THE FLORAL OFFERING.

“So teach me, Heavenly Father,  
To meet each flying hour!  
That as they go, they may not show  
My heart a poison-flower.

“So when Death brings its shadows,  
The hours that linger last,  
Shall bear my hopes on angel wings,  
Unfettered by the Past.”

~~~~~  
MARYGOLD. . . . . THE STAR OF EARTH.

If when my star, in Love’s despite,  
Withdraws her beauty from the Night,  
I sometimes light, to cheer my way,  
An earthly lamp’s less sacred ray;  
Think not its beam eclipses thine!  
In *Memory’s* heaven thou still dost shine.  
And oh! when once again afar,  
I see thee smile, my idol-star!  
How pale, how poor that earth-born ray  
Beside thy spirit’s heavenly play!

F. S. O.

~~~~~  
THE STAR’S REPLY.

“Thou bad’st me shine—and when my ray  
Won thee to thoughts of Heaven,  
From earth and ‘care and toil away,’  
My light was freely given.

“Wouldst thou a star’s love-beam retain  
To guide thine earthly way?  
Then know—thy thoughts must pure remain  
‘Beneath its heavenly ray.’ ”

MOCK-ORANGE. . . . . COUNTERFEIT.

I LOVED an ideal,  
I sought it in thee,  
I found it unreal  
As stars in the sea.

And shall I, disdaining  
An instinct divine,  
By falsehood profaning  
That pure hope of mine;

Shall I stoop from my vision,  
So lofty, so true,  
From the light, all Elysian,  
That round me it threw?

Ah no! though all lonely  
On earth be my lot,  
I will brave it, if only  
That trust fail me not;—

The trust that, in keeping  
All pure from control,  
The love that lies sleeping,  
And dreams in my soul,

It may wake in some better  
And holier sphere,  
Unbound by the fetter  
Fate hung on it here!

F. S. O.

MYRTLE. . . . . I ONLY CHANGE IN DYING.

“SEMPRE lo stezzo”—the pure stream of feeling  
May show on its surface all pictures that pass—  
The light summer cloud through the azure air stealing,  
The wild flower that bends like a belle to her glass.

“Sempre lo stezzo”—the wave may give back  
The bird’s sunny pinion that gleams and is gone,  
The star’s silver glory,—the breeze in its track,—  
The faint smile of twilight,—the gray mist of morn.

“Sempre lo stezzo”—the cloud and the rose,—  
The sky’s changing beauty,—the wing’s glowing tint,—  
Break not for a moment the stream’s pure repose;  
They touch but the surface and leave not a print.

“Sempre lo stezzo”—deep, deep in its bosom,  
Where the world’s fleeting pageants ne’er ruffle the tide,  
It hoards like a miser its own gem and blossom,  
And sings to itself all the love it would hide.

F. S. O.

ORANGE BLOSSOM. . . . . BRIDAL PURITY.

—♦—  
To . . . . .

FLORENCE! to distant lands thou'rt gone,  
A new-made bride thou art,  
And new-born hopes have risen upon  
Thy fresh and guileless heart.

Gifted as few have been, or are,  
The varied world to range,  
New to that world, and new to care,  
How wilt thou bide the change?

I see thee now as in those days,  
Thy days of childhood flown,  
With all thy fond, beguiling ways,  
Thy sweet, peculiar tone!

Oh! lightly was thy young heart swayed,  
By just a look—a word;  
And sportively thy fancies played  
About us like a bird;

But thou art happy, and 'tis wrong  
To feed regrets and fear.  
Love, Joy and Hope to thee belong,  
Florence, my sister dear!

A. M. WELLS.

---

Oh! County Guy! the hour is nigh,  
The sun has left the lea,  
The orange-flower perfumes the bower,  
The breeze is on the sea;  
The lark his lay, who trilled all day,  
Sits hushed his partner by;  
Breeze, bird and flower—they know the hour,  
But where is County Guy?

SCOTT.

THE TULIP. . . . . PRIDE IS STRONGER THAN LOVE.

LET him go! If a smile  
Could Love's severed chain rivet—  
If a sigh could recall him—  
I'd die ere I'd give it.

Let him go! He shall learn  
How a woman's deep pride—  
Once roused—can o'ermaster  
All passions beside.

While I girlishly trusted  
Each vow that he said,  
A word could have won me,  
A look could have led.

For pliant and light  
As a flower to the air,  
Is woman's fond spirit  
To kindness and care.

But *now*—not a tear,  
Not a shade shall discover  
One trace of my grief  
To my false-hearted lover.

And *now*—the proud star,  
That beams purest on high,  
Shall stoop at his bidding  
As easy as I.

Let him go! If a smile  
Could Love's severed chain rivet—  
If a sigh could recall him—  
I'd die ere I'd give it!

F. S. O.



Wings are the best  
that you can get  
in the world.

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ORCHIS. . . . . A BELLE.

SHE is flitting like a fairy  
Through the mazes of the dance,—  
Like a fairy, wild and airy,  
And I cannot win her glance!

She has braided many a jewel  
In those waves of auburn hair,  
Oh! fickle, false, and cruel!  
Dost thou see my deep despair?

She has lost the rose I gave her,  
On her virgin zone to rest;  
And a ruby's light doth waver  
On the snow-swell of her breast.

Ah! the gem is wealth's proud token,  
And its glare has won her eye;  
While the love the rose has spoken,  
She has cast unheeded by.

FANNY FAY.

PANSY. . . . . THOUGHT.

---

In the sun-tinted, airy arch, that lightens through the gloom,  
Illumining yon clouded Heaven with beauty, joy, and bloom,  
We cannot trace a glimpse of all those *tears*, through which the storm  
Entwined with grace and purity its light-evolving form.

The flowers that wreath the robe of Spring and bless with sweets the air—  
The gems that shift their sparkling hues in Beauty's braided hair—  
Tell never of the secret *toil* with which, in silent gloom,  
Great Nature wrought, in earth's deep heart, their glory and perfume.

Ah! thus the child of genius pours, in solitude and tears,  
On one poor, fleeting page, the light, the love, of long, long years,  
And the gay world receives the ray, without a thought of all  
The clouds of fear and grief through which its prisms splendors fall;

Nor cares to know how long, how wild the task that Feeling learns,  
Ere it reveal to all the thought with which it inly burns—  
The thought that, like a Lily, lends its incense to the skies,  
While its deep-hidden root is nursed with showers from Passion's eyes.

F. S. O.

PASSION-FLOWER. . . . . LOVE MUCH AND BE FORGIVEN.

YOUNG Beauty sailed a summer sea  
Within a buoyant bark reclining;  
Its prow was painted daintily,  
With gems and roses rarely shining:

And light and gay the maiden smiled,  
The while she wove a garland glowing!  
And at the helm a laughing child—  
'Twas Pleasure—watched the waters flowing.

She steered the boat by blooming isles,  
Where languid gales breathed softly o'er it,  
And in the bay, with treacherous smiles,  
'Mid poison-flowers, she strove to moor it:

But Beauty's cheek grew sad and pale;  
And Beauty's heart was tired of leisure;  
She whispered Love to "set the sail,"  
And Passion took the helm from Pleasure.

Then dashed around that graceful prow  
The rising waves in pride and power;  
And Beauty bent her glorious brow,  
While tears fell on each fading flower.

Sublimely wild and grand, above  
Her fragile bark, the storm cloud lightened  
With such a vivid flame, that Love  
Let go the sail—ashamed and frightened!

The maiden rose, and by her side  
A radiant angel stood serenely!  
"Take *thou* the helm!" she proudly cried—  
And paced the deck erect and queenly.

Then changed to gold those clouds so wild;  
A beauteous rainbow bloomed in heaven!  
And Love, the fond, impetuous child,  
Smiled through his tears—his fault forgiven!

F. S. O.

PEA, SWEET. . . . . "ON TIPTOE FOR A FLIGHT."

—  
Oh! would I were only a spirit of song!  
I'd float forever around, above you:  
If I were a *spirit*, it wouldn't be wrong,  
It *couldn't* be wrong, to love you!

I'd hide in the light of a moonbeam bright,  
I'd sing Love's lullaby softly o'er you,  
I'd bring rare visions of pure delight  
From the land of dreams before you.

Oh! if I were only a spirit of song,  
I'd float forever around, above you,  
For a *musical* spirit could never do wrong,  
And it *wouldn't* be wrong to love you!

F. S. O.

~~~~~  
IF WISHES WERE WINGS!

—  
If I were a bird that sings,  
In the joy of a spirit free—  
If wishes were only *wings*,  
How soon I would be with thee!

As the lark soars at sunrise alone,  
While the air with his rapture rings,  
*Thy smile* I would meet, mine own,  
If wishes were only wings!

'Tis only when sorrow like this  
A shade o'er my spirit flings,  
'Tis only when *thee* I miss,  
That I wish my wishes were wings!

F. S. O.

PIMPERNEL. . . . . I FEAR THE STORM.

---

My heart is like the trembling flower,  
It shrinks—it folds its leaflets warm,  
When dark the clouds of coldness lower,  
Or evil-eyes portend the storm:

But when Love's holy sunshine gleams,  
Where'er the precious light may glow,  
It wakes—it blooms from tearful dreams,—  
And turns to win it ere it go.

---

THE universe looked dark,  
My soul was cold with sorrow;  
Hope drooped her wings and hushed her song,  
And cared not for the morrow.

One word of kindness came,  
One smile, one look of feeling;  
Lo! through the mist that veiled my world,  
The glorious dawn was stealing.

Hope's angel pinions played  
Again in timid pleasure,  
And happy love smiled through his tears  
To hear her warbled measure.

PINK. . . . . THE SOUL OF SWEETNESS.

---

To . . . . .

THEY talk about her lovely eyes,  
Her sweet rose-mouth and glossy hair,  
The blush and smile that richly rise  
To light a beauty pure as rare.

I own her raven lashes touch  
A cheek that mocks the morning's light;  
I own her graceful form is such  
As poets see in visions bright.

But there's a dearer charm than these,  
That sheds o'er all a softer grace:  
She has a *soul*, our sweet Louise,  
More fair than even her lovely face.

---

To . . . . .

I KNOW I should have lov'd you,  
If you wore not on your brow  
That angel look of purity  
I almost worship now—  
If you were not half so lovely  
In your thousand winning ways,  
In the tender sweet expression  
Of your earnest, thrilling gaze.

Oft I bless you for the vision  
Of something bright and rare,  
That flits across my daily path,  
My daily path of care;  
And I know that many love you,  
Many sue on bended knee;  
But whate'er you are to others,  
You're all the world to me.

M. L. S.

POPPY, WHITE. . . . . SLEEP OF THE HEART.

THE bard has sung, God never form'd a soul  
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet  
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole  
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete!

But thousand evil things there are that hate  
To look on happiness; these hurt, impede,  
And, leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,  
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine and pant and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,  
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,  
Wearied, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,  
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream—

So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,  
Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaff'd,  
Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing  
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.

MARIA BROOKS.

REED, FLOWERING. . . . . CONFIDENCE IN HEAVEN.

—  
A FABLE.

SAID a shower to the sunshine, as they met upon the breast  
Of a silver-winged cloud that was sailing to the west,  
"Take back that gay and mocking smile to light your proper sphere;  
What hath the haughty beam of Heaven to do with Nature's tear?

"She weeps! Fond Nature weeps to see her blooming children lie,  
Half withered, 'neath the rays of fire that dazzle from your eye.  
The blushing petals of the rose—the vestal lily-bell,  
Have felt your burning influence, and shrink beneath your spell.

"From them, and from the myriad-blooms that spring 'neath summer skies,  
I heard within my cool, soft home, a chorus sweet arise—  
A chorus of faint voices, as if the flower-sylphs lay,  
Sighing their last, warm, balmy breath, in that low prayer away.

"They sang—"Oh! sportive cloudlet! that floatest gaily by,  
Like a white dove with breast of down, and wings of silver dye,  
Unfurl those gleaming pinions swift, and shake from every plume  
Its liquid wealth, to cool our brows and wake our rich perfume!"

"The cloud has heard, and sent me forth to do my mission sweet:  
Back to your radiant throne of light, nor stay my flashing feet!"  
"Nay, shower!" said the sunshine, with a witching smile of love,  
"Do not quarrel with the playfellow that's sent you from above!"

"See! I have wreathed your dwelling with a chain of glowing gold,  
And shed a gleam of glory into every snowy fold.  
An angel bade me hasten here, your cloud-bark to illume,  
And seek, with you, the blossoms, that are withering in their bloom.

"Let us go to earth together! I will not harm the flowers;  
I will but smile upon them, while you plash amid their bowers;  
They'll tremble at your chilly touch, and droop the blooming brow,  
If the sunshine do not warm them with its light and loving glow."

THE FLORAL OFFERING.

Then the shower kissed the sunshine, and in beautiful embrace  
They lighted where the lily-bell looked down in virgin grace;  
And lo! beneath that pure caress, as softly they descended,  
A vision hung 'twixt heaven and earth—a rainbow pure and splendid,—  
As if the rose and violet, the tulip and blue-bell,  
Had lent their loveliest hues to air, where bright the vision fell.

Oh! thou who mournest hopes decayed, like blossoms in their bloom,  
Scorn not the Heavenly Comforter, that comes to cheer thy gloom.  
Let earthly Sorrow blend her tears with pure Religion's smile;  
So shall a glorious rainbow dawn upon thy path the while.

Faith's soft, celestial blue shall smile by Hope's unfading rose,  
While peace, in sunny, golden light, beside them shall repose.  
They shall wreath thy way with beauty, and when earthly ties are riven,  
Thy soul shall make that brilliant bridge its pathway into Heaven.

ROSE LEAF. . . . . THE LOW REPLY.

THE LOVE TOKEN.

THY heart is full of blissful hope,  
    Of love and truth, dear maid,  
Thy eyes return his raptured look,  
    Half trusting, half afraid;  
And, fluttering in his hardy palm,  
    Thy little hand is prest,  
While many a wild, delicious hope  
    Throbs in thy snowy breast!

Oh! woman's love is not as man's—  
    He turns aside awhile,  
To cheer ambition's thorny road  
    With woman's sunny smile;  
But she embarks her all in love,  
    Her life is on the throw—  
She wins, 'tis bliss supreme!—she fails,  
    Unutterable wo!

Then, maiden, pause—thy destiny  
    Hangs trembling in the scale;  
To-morrow, neither wish nor hope  
    Nor vain regrets avail!  
Oh! angels in this troth-plight hour  
    May stop, and from the sky  
Look down and listen breathlessly  
    To hear that low reply!

E. M. SIDNEY.

Low as the sigh of a flower  
    Heard in the stillness of night,  
Came the soft tones of the maiden,  
    Trembling with fear and delight.

F. S. O.

ROSEBUD, MOSS. . . . . SILENT LOVE.

Ah! let our love be still a *folded* flower,  
A pure, moss rose-bud, blushing to be seen,  
Hoarding its balm and beauty for that hour  
When souls may meet without the clay between!

Let not a breath of passion dare to blow  
Its tender, timid, clinging leaves apart!  
Let not the sunbeam, with too ardent glow,  
Profane the dewy freshness at its heart!

Ah! keep it folded like a sacred thing!  
With tears and smiles its bloom and fragrance nurse ;  
Still let the modest veil around it cling,  
Nor with rude touch its pleading sweetness curse.

Be thou content, as I, to *know*, not *see*,  
The glowing life, the treasured wealth within—  
To feel our spirit-flower still fresh and free,  
And guard its blush, its smile, from shame and sin!

Ah! keep it holy! once the veil withdrawn—  
Once the rose blooms—its balmy *soul* will fly,  
As fled of old in sadness, yet in scorn,  
Th' awakened god from Psyche's daring eye!

F. S. O.

SWEET PEA, BLUEBOTTLE, CENTAURY AND EVENING PRIMROSE.

Good bye! Our love was too lovely to last.



OUR love was like the light perfume  
That floats around a flower,  
Or like the rainbow's passing bloom,  
Half sunshine and half shower.

A smile, a blush, a tear, a tone  
Of welcome, soft and true,  
Were all I dared to wish from one  
So zephyr-like as you!

I should as soon have asked a fay  
Or flower my lot to share,  
Or coaxed yon rosy cloud to stay,  
And leave for me the air.

I knew, even while I wildly dreamed,  
'Twas *but* a dream of light;  
And as for you—you always seemed  
"On tiptoe for a flight."

I never thought you made of earth,  
As other maidens are;  
I always *said* you had your birth  
In some unsullied star.

Then part we now—while yet the bloom  
Is fresh on Love's light wings;  
While yet his flower, its soft perfume,  
Around our footsteps flings;

While yet the blush on that pure cheek  
Is unprofaned by shame,  
Ere waking Passion dares to speak  
A word your soul might blame.

Fly back, young angel, to your star;  
But send me down a sigh,  
Sometimes when, in your silver car,  
You float through heaven. Good bye!

F. S. O.









ROSE, YELLOW. . . . . OH! TEACH ME TO FORGET.

YES! I will do thy bidding;  
When yonder sun has set  
Forever from the heaven you love,  
Then, dearest, I'll forget!

When the dove's winnowing winglet  
No longer seeks its nest—  
When stars forget to smile in heaven,  
And ocean is at rest,

And glowing summer boasts no more  
Her radiant roses' birth,  
And bloom and light and loveliness  
Have vanished from the earth;

Then cold and calm Indifference  
Shall smile at fond Regret,  
And, lost to Love and Hope and Truth,  
My passion I'll forget.

But while the sunlight still recalls  
The glorious hours we met  
On upland slope, in woody glade,  
Ah! how may I forget?

While every pure and lovely thing  
Some semblance bears to thee—  
While the rose wears thy virgin blush,  
Thy floating grace, the sea—

While in the stars thy blessed smile  
Looks fondly on me yet,  
And the fond dove thy truth portrays,  
Ah! how may I forget?

F. S. O.

ROSE, WILD. . . . . THE BLUSH OF FEELING.

NAY! come not to me, if you sigh for the splendor  
That 'neath the lash lightens, in Beauty's blue eye;  
I have naught but affection true, timid and tender,  
If this be not dear to you—*all* to you—fly!

Ah! seek not my side, if the grace of a ringlet,  
That goldenly floats, too beguiling can be;  
A love such as yours is, can ne'er want a ringlet—  
Go wave it o'er others, but come not to me!

Oh! come not to me, if you watch the glow stealing  
O'er Beauty, like roselight of morning on snow;  
No bloom warms my cheek, save the wild-rose of Feeling—  
If this be not dear to you—*all* to you—go!

F. S. O.

“Though Time thy bloom is stealing,  
There's still, beyond his art,  
The wild-flower wreath of Feeling,  
The sunbeam of the heart.”

ROSEBUD, WHITE. . . . . INNOCENCE.

THE FLOWER-SYLPH'S FROLIC,

AT THE BIRTH OF THE ROSEBUD.

In my bower I lay, one balmy day,  
When Nature had put on her summer array,  
And with me young Fancy, that changeable sprite,  
My playfellow ever, by day and by night,  
When suddenly raising her magical bell—

It was wrought of a diamond in fairy land—  
She rang a sweet peal, that o'er mountain and dell  
Went floating in melody merry and bland;  
And lo! at the summons a sun-tinted vision  
Rose slowly, and softly, and clearly to view,  
A scene of delight and enchantment elysian,—  
A garden whose blossoms were bathing in dew;  
And fair in the midst grew a noble Rose tree,  
From whose bosom a voice trembled tenderly low—  
Such a voice as you'd fancy, if flowers were free  
To speak or to warble, from roses would flow!

“Come hither!” it sang, “come hither!  
Come hither, from blossom and bell!  
Come! ere the noontide wither  
The blooms we love so well!

“Oh! hasten to fill up the measure  
Of joy in the Rose-sylph's heart!  
I will show you an exquisite treasure  
Whose health you must drink ere we part.

“Last night when your bright eyes were closing,  
A dear little Rosebud was born!  
And in her green cradle reposing,  
She's at home to relations this morn!”

Then I heard a low musical laugh of delight,  
Each blossom bowed meekly its dew-jeweled head,

THE FLORAL OFFERING.

While straight through its leaves sprang a sunny-haired sprite,  
Warm and sweet with the fragrance and bloom of its bed!

From the Lily a delicate being arose,  
As pure as the leaves that had formed her repose,  
With silvery winglets, and cheek of faint hue,  
Like the sunset-glow stealing those snowy leaves through!

The Violet sent forth a timid young thing,  
With eyes of deep blue, and a soft dewy wing;  
While from Heart's-ease sprang up a gay spirit and bold,  
That fluttered on pinions of purple and gold.

The Tulip laid bare its bright heart, and a fairy  
On beautiful rainbow wings laughingly came,  
And forth from the Marygold, brilliant and airy,  
Flew one whose robe glistened with sparkles of flame.

From the Pink with a blush stole an elegant sprite;  
From the Jasmine a sylph with a sun-tinted vest;  
And the Hyacinth oped for a being of light,  
With a boddice of blue folded over her breast.

The Sensitive-plant at the summons shrank up;  
Then trembled and oped with a sigh, full of feeling;  
While slow from its dainty and delicate cup  
A tender, ethereal creature came stealing.

F. S. O.

ROSE, HUNDRED-LEAVED. . . . YOU'RE NOT THE ROSE FOR ME.

---

“THE rose that all are praising  
Is not the rose for me;  
Too many eyes are gazing  
Upon the costly tree:  
But there's a rose in yonder glen  
That shuns the gaze of other men,  
For me its blossom raising!  
Oh! that's the rose for me!

“The gem a king might covet  
Is not the gem for me;  
From darkness who would move it,  
Save that the world might see?  
But I've a gem that shuns display,  
And next my heart worn every day,  
So dearly do I love it!  
Oh! that's the gem for me!

“Gay birds, in cages pining,  
Are not the birds for me;  
Their plumes, so brightly shining,  
I do not care to see!  
But I've a bird, that gaily sings,—  
Though free to rove, she folds her wings,  
For me her flight resigning!  
Oh! that's the bird for me!”

---

I own her fair beyond compare,  
I own her air, perfection;  
But give *my* bower some timid flower,  
That asks, each hour, protection!

F. S. O.

ROSE, WITHERED. . . . . LOVED AND LOST.

'Tis now the month of light and bloom,  
The month of many roses;  
I heed it not. The silent tomb  
Our sweetest flower encloses.

The sun upon the bright blue streams,  
Throws many a golden arrow;  
But Mary's eye no longer beams—  
The tomb is dark and narrow.

The winds are playing through the trees  
That fringe the proud old river;  
Our Mary's voice was like the breeze—  
And that is stilled forever!

S. C. E.

ON A DEAD FLOWER.

THEE I have cherish'd half a score of years,  
Who call no living flower mine own on earth  
From my small boyhood, to the hour that wears  
A firmer sorrow, and a hollower mirth.  
Thou wast the gift of a mild playmate, whom  
Death breath'd upon as early as on thee,  
And straight, sweet flower, it yielded its perfume,  
And wither'd like thy leaf, young joy in me.  
And I will cherish thee, poor faded bud,  
Till death upon my heart his chill hand lays;  
For a pale flower may preach to us of good,  
If it doth whisper of those purer days,—  
Days when the heart, this harden'd heart, was young,  
And trembled to the simplest song Hope ever sung.

J. F. H.

ROSE, MUSK. . . . . CAPRICIOUS BEAUTY.

—  
In calm disdain I rend the chain  
Whose golden links were smiles from thee—  
For, flung o'er all, too frail the thrall,  
    Though bright it be,  
    To fetter *me*!

Oh! every hour some fairy flower  
Of thy sweet fancy blushed and smiled,  
When by thy side my heart relied,  
    By thee beguiled  
    To joy too wild!

But not alone for me they shone—  
Those blossoms bright in tone and look;  
Each flippant fool, in thy sweet school,  
    A lesson took  
    From Love's light book!

Then in disdain I rend the chain,  
Whose golden links were smiles from thee,  
For, flung o'er all, too frail the thrall,  
    Though bright it be,  
    To fetter me!

F. S. O.

### ASHES OF ROSES.

---

“ ’Tis noon,—the little shepherdess doth watch her flock at play,  
And thanks the gladsome summer for its best and brightest day;  
From time to time her happy thoughts in simple song she weaves,  
And twines from out her tiny hands her garland of green leaves:

“ How green the grass is growing, and the flowers how bright they bloom;  
The stream shall be my looking-glass—the dell my tiring-room;  
And yon, amid the mountains, where my eye cannot see,  
Oh! is there not a winsome youth who kindly thinks of me?”

“ And now, across the noontide sky, a cloud its shadow flings;  
Still, in the gladness of her heart, the little maiden sings  
A song of plaintive melody,—a song of olden time,—  
While softly to her voice keeps tune the distant village chime.

“ But now, from out the dark, thick cloud, the tempest’s might hath rushed;  
Leaps the wild lightning, and the song upon her lips is hushed;  
She throws back her bright tresses, for the air is close and warm,  
And looks with quiet rapture on the glory of the storm.

“ Then, from the darkness of the skies, a voice of terror spake,  
And to its fearful message bade the mountain echoes wake—  
Another, and a louder crash, more fearful than the rest!  
The maiden bent her head, and clasped her hands upon her breast.

“ Another! and she raised the lustrous beauty of her eye,  
And its steadfast look said—‘ Father! I do not fear to die.’  
Another! and with gentlest sigh—with softest sigh of prayer—  
The child had breathed her happy soul upon the summer air!

“ And from the mountain’s rugged breast there burst a wailing wild;  
They sang their own rude lullaby, and sorrowed o’er their child.  
But deep from out their strongholds a sadder voice shall come  
When the sweet, blighted flower is borne unto her silent home.

“ The anger of the storm is spent,—’tis sunshine on the plain;  
It plays around the form of her it may not warm again;  
And what, of all it looks upon, hath such a tender grace  
As that fair head laid low for aye, and that sweet upturned face.

THE FLORAL OFFERING.

“Sweet Marian, the flowers shall mourn the playmate of their love;  
The trees shall miss thy music, and the singers of the grove;  
Thy parents weep as parents weep, and from one heart this day,  
With its unlooked-for bitterness, shall never pass away.

“In mute surprise and wonderment, thy flock around thee stand;  
They miss the cheering of thy voice,—the guiding of thy hand—  
While thou art hid within the arms and shielded on the breast  
Of Him who leads his tender lambs in the green fields of rest.

“Yet surely should the parent’s voice be welcome to the child,  
Whether it come at noon or night,—in gentle tones or wild;  
And I, oh Father! when Thy will shall call my soul away,  
May I as calmly hear thy word,—as placidly obey!”

ROSE, DAMASK. . . . . LOVELY AND PURE.

---

THE GARDEN OF FRIENDSHIP.

THEY say I am robbing myself,  
But they know not how sweet is my gain,  
For I'm weeding my garden of Friendship,  
'Till only its *flowers* remain.

They say if I weed from it all  
That are worldly, ignoble, untrue,  
I shall save not a leaf for my heart;  
But they shake not my faith in the few.

I waste not the pure dew of Feeling,  
I waste not the warm light of Love  
On worthless intruders, upstealing  
To poison the beauty above.

Too pure is the peace, and too holy  
For Falsehood and Sin to profane,  
And I heed not how few or how lowly  
The blooms that unsullied remain.

Though lone and apart in their sweetness,  
Those heart-cherished blossoms may be,  
While they smile in the sunlight of Truth,  
They suffice to affection and me.

And you, in your delicate bloom, love,  
Pure, tender, and graceful and true,  
Shall be the queen-rose of my garden,  
And live on Love's sunshine and dew.

No parasite plant shall be nourished,  
My bower's sunny beauty to stain,  
For I'll weed the fair garden of Friendship  
Till only its flowers remain.

F. S. O.

SENSITIVE PLANT. . . . . SENSIBILITY.

THE ear attuned—through Discord's war—  
To music's high, harmonious law,  
Perceives at once, with shrieking pain,  
The one false note that mars the strain.

Ah! had thy heart, by Love's sweet spell,  
Each jarring tone been tuned to tell,  
Each chord too rudely strained,—how soon  
You'd know that mine was *out of tune!*

F. S. O.

LOVE'S EXCUSE FOR SADNESS.

CHIDE not, belov'd, if oft with thee  
I feel not rapture wholly;  
For aye the heart that's filled with love  
Runs o'er in melancholy.  
To streams that glide in noon, the shade  
From summer skies is given;  
So, if my breast reflects the cloud,  
'Tis but the cloud of heaven!  
Thine image glassed within my soul,  
So well the mirror keepeth,  
That, chide me not, if with the light  
The shadow also sleepeth.

BULWER.

To . . . . .

“I AM not gay when thou art near,  
My trembling heart knows joy too deep;  
A feeling strange, half bliss, half fear,  
So moves my soul I fain would weep.”

BIGNONIA MARTIANA, NARCISSUS, BLUE LOBELIA.

Your Beauty dazzles yet awes me.



You're married now—your lovely hair,  
That used to be so nicely braided,  
You've combed, as if you didn't care,  
Back from a brow by sorrow shaded.

You're married now—your matron-mien  
Quite awes the eyes none else could awe;  
Your step sedate and tone serene  
Are timed to calm Decorum's law.

Do you remember—ah! you do!—  
That conscious glow?—It *won't* be hidden;  
You *do* recall how oft we two  
The flying hours have fondly chidden!

How, when I dared a tress to touch,  
Your blush dawned through its silken maze,  
And your drooped eyelids told how much—  
Ah! well! we'll not recall those days!

I see it pains you,—what! a tear!  
From you! of old so careless-hearted?  
Forgive me, sweet, I too revere  
That vow that binds you since we parted.



EDWARD GREGORY, SATURDAY, JULY, 1898.

For a while I thought I was well,  
Then you came and you brought  
Great pestilence, and you made me sick,  
Then you are now the plague doctor.

You're married now—your marriage  
Gave me the eye and the tooth and  
Four fingers and two toes  
And now I have Edward's leprosy.

Be you married—did you do—  
The same thing that I just do—  
With your hand in your lap  
And you have Edward's leprosy.

Be you married—did you do—  
The same thing that I just do—  
With your hand in your lap  
And you have Edward's leprosy.

I could never get married—  
You see I am old and unattractive—  
People don't want to have me—  
And they won't have you either.





SNOW-DROP. . . . . A PROMISE.



TO A DEAR LITTLE TRUANT WHO WOULDN'T COME HOME.

WHEN are you coming? the flowers have come!  
Bees in the balmy air happily hum;  
Tenderly, timidly, down in the dell,  
Sighs the sweet violet—droops the harebell;  
Soft on the wavy grass glistens the dew;  
*Spring* keeps her promises; why do not *you*?

Up in the air, love, the clouds are at play;  
You are more graceful and lovely than they!  
Birds in the woods carol all the day long,  
When are you coming to join in the song?  
Fairer than flowers, and purer than dew!  
*Other* sweet things are here; why are not *you*?

When are you coming? we've welcomed the rose!  
Every light zephyr, as gaily it goes,  
Whispers of *other* flowers met on its way;  
Why has it nothing of *you*, love, to say?  
Why does it tell us of music and dew?  
Rose of the South! we are waiting for *you*!

Do, darling, come to us—'mid the dark trees,  
“Like a lute” murmurs the musical breeze;  
Sometimes the brook, as it trips by the flowers,  
Hushes its warble to listen for yours!  
Pure as the violet, lovely and true!  
*Spring* should have waited till she could bring *you*!

F. S. O.

SUNFLOWER. . . . . GOD OF MY HEART'S IDOLATRY.

---

THE SUNFLOWER TO THE SUN.

HYMETTUS' bees are out on filmy wing,  
Dim Phosphor slowly fades adown the west,  
And earth awakes. Shine on me, oh! my king!  
For I with dew am laden and opprest.

The night-winds smote me rudely in their play,  
And coldly Dian shed on me her light,  
As stealthily she glided on her way,  
To where Endymion slept on Latmian height.

Long through the misty clouds of morning gray,  
The flowers have watched to hail thee from yon sea:  
Sad Asphodel, that pines to meet thy ray,  
And Juno's roses\* pale for love of thee!

Perchance thou dalliest with the morning hour,  
Whose blush is reddening now the eastern wave!  
Or leav'st forever to the cloud thy flower,  
Lured by the glance white-footed Thetis gave!

I was a proud Chaldean monarch's child;†  
Euphrates' waters told me I was fair,  
When thou, Thessalia's shepherd, on me smiled,  
And likened to thine own my amber hair.

Thou art my life! sustainer of my spirit!  
Leave me not, then, in darkness here to pine;  
Other hearts love thee—but do they inherit  
A passionate devotedness like mine?

\* The ancients called the white lily the Rose of Juno.

† Clytia, daughter of Orchamus, King of Babylon, was beloved by Apollo—but the god deserting her, she pined away with continually gazing on the Sun, and was changed to the flower denominated from him, which turns as he moves to look on his light.

THE FLORAL OFFERING.

But lo! thou lift'st thy shield o'er yonder tide,  
The gray clouds flee before the conquering Sun,  
Thou, like a monarch, up the heavens dost ride,  
And joy! thou beam'st on me, celestial one!

On me, thy worshiper! thy poor Parsee!  
Whose brow adoring types thy face divine;  
God of my burning heart's idolatry!  
Take root like me, or give me life like thine!

M. E. HEWITT.

SYRINGA. . . . . LOVELY AND LOVABLE.

I THOUGHT, when first I saw thy *face*,  
"Her beauty is her chiefest grace"—  
And when thy words thy *mind* portrayed,  
"Nay! *there*," I said, "the charm is laid;"  
But years of friendship so endear thee,  
'Tis for thy *heart* I now revere thee.

SHE comes! in light, aerial grace,  
O'er memory's glass the vision flies;  
Her girlish form, her glowing face,  
Her soft, black hair, her beaming eyes.

I think of all her generous love,  
Her trustful heart, so pure and meek,  
Her tears—an April shower,—that strove  
With sunshine on her changing cheek.

She knows no worldly guide or art,  
But Love and Joy have made her fair;  
And so I keep her in my heart,  
And bless her in my silent prayer.

THRIFT. . . . . SYMPATHY.

COME thou with me—thy claspèd hand in mine—  
I'll tell thee o'er the story of thy heart;  
I'll tell thee how my spirit springs to thine,  
I'll bid the shadows from thy brow depart.

Ah! earnestly I've marked thee day by day,  
And ever day by day with saddening thought;  
I've seen thy purest feelings thrown away,  
And mourned the inward woe such waste hath wrought.

Life's favored child, forever round thee spring  
Immortal flowers of love and beauty rare,  
And still the incense they around thee fling  
Charms not thy senses from their spell of care,—

Lures not thy spirit from its wayward dreams,  
Beguiles thee not the livelong, weary day,  
Awakes thee not to bless the sunny beams,  
That fain would light thee on thy dreary way.

Thou sighest still for something not thine own,  
Some precious thing that ever mocks thy sigh,  
Some phantom form of love, that long hath flown  
Above, beyond, thy watchful, eager eye.

Ah! sigh no more, and bid thy dreams begone!  
Let waking visions all thy pain beguile:  
Nay, turn not thy reproachful gaze on one  
Whose all of life is centered in thy smile.

If holiest love dwelt not within my soul,  
Dost think that I could read thy soul aright?  
Dost think that I would thus fling off control,  
And all my inner self reveal to sight?

I've not a selfish thought, when thou art near;  
My loving heart, with all the might it hath,  
Forgetting self, but longs, with trembling fear,  
To be the guardian angel of thy path.

From all that grieves thee now thyself to win,  
And make a Paradise on earth for thee,  
Where, though the serpent Care may enter in,  
He'll linger not, for Love will bid him flee.

M. L. S.

VERBENA. . . . . A DOUBT.

GAZE on!—If *acted* grief and joy  
Can win that willing heart of thine,  
Why—let her take the truant toy,  
It is not worthy *mine*!

*She* challenges, with shameless art,  
A gazing world her soul to see:  
From fondest friends *I* veiled a heart,  
To keep it pure for thee!

OH God! the vision haunts my day,  
And makes a hateful day of night;  
With those disheveled locks of gold,  
That careless smile's bewildering light,  
Why comes she 'twixt my heaven and me,  
That radiant child of grace and glee?

Go! witch the world with smile and sigh,  
Thou priestess proud at Passion's shrine!  
I yield thee every heart save *one*,  
And *that* is all the world to mine!  
Ah! steal not 'twixt my heaven and me,  
Thou radiant child of grace and glee!

F. S. O.

VINE. . . . . INTOXICATION.

—♦—  
YES! “lower to the level”  
    Of those who laud thee now!  
Go! join the joyous revel,  
    And pledge the heartless vow!  
Go! dim the soul-born beauty  
    That lights that lofty brow!  
Fill, fill the bowl! let burning wine  
Drown, in thy soul, Love’s dream divine!

Yet when the laugh is lightest,  
    When wildest goes the jest,  
When gleams the goblet brightest,  
    And proudest heaves thy breast,  
And thou art madly pledging  
    Each gay and jovial guest—  
A ghost shall glide amid the flowers—  
The shade of Love’s departed hours!

And thou shalt shrink in sadness  
    From all the splendor there,  
And curse the revel’s gladness,  
    And hate the banquet’s glare,  
And pine ’mid Passion’s madness,  
    For true Love’s purer air,  
And feel thou’dst give their wildest glee  
For one unsullied sigh from me!

Yet deem not this my prayer, love;  
    Ah, no! if I could keep  
Thy alter’d heart from care, love,  
    And charm its grief to sleep,  
Mine only should despair, love,  
    I—I alone would weep!  
I—I alone would mourn the flowers  
That fade in Love’s deserted bowers!

F. S. O.

## VIOLET. . . . . LOOK FOR ME, LOVE.

The May-day song of the Violets to the Children of New England.

---

HITHER! come hither!  
Come to the hills;  
Trip through the woodlands,  
Rest by the rills!  
Little ones, hasten,  
With laughter and song;  
Come with your tiny feet  
Glancing along!

Breezes are blowing,  
Chill is the dew,  
Yet are we glowing  
Only for you.  
Softly we cluster,  
Sadly we sigh,  
Waiting the lustre  
Of some loving eye.

Trace by the perfume  
That floats on the gale,  
Where we are hiding  
Down in the vale.  
Hiding from all the world,  
Drinking the dew,  
Hushing our timid hearts,  
Waiting for you!

Playing "bo-peep,"  
With the breeze and beam,  
Bending to see ourselves  
Glassed in the stream.  
Little ones! hasten!  
With laughter and song,  
Come with your merry feet,  
Dancing along!  
Come to us, sing to us!  
Chill is the weather,  
Let us die on your hearts,  
Braided together!

F. S. O.

VIOLET, BLUE. . . . . HUMILITY.

—  
FORGIVENESS.

A very little child one day,  
Too young to know the harm it did,  
Trampled with his small, naked foot,  
The place in which a violet hid.

The violet sighed its life away,  
Embalming, with its last, faint breath,  
The little foot, that thus, in play,  
Had put its soft, blue flower to death.

Ah! was it not a tender flower  
To lavish all the wealth it had—  
Its fragrance—in its dying hour,  
Mild, meek, forgiving, mute, though sad?

My little girl, the lesson learn;  
Be *thou* the violet! love *thou* so!  
Retort no wrong, but nobly turn,  
And with thy heart's wealth, bless thy foe.

F. S. O.

WHITE VIOLET. . . . . TIMIDITY.

SHALL I tell what the Violet said to the Star,  
While she gazed through her tears on his beauty afar?  
She sang, but her singing was only a sigh,  
And nobody heard it, but Heaven, Love, and I!—  
A sigh full of fragrance and feeling, it stole  
Through the stillness, up, up, to the star's beaming soul.

She sang—"Thou art glowing with glory and might,  
And I'm but a flower, frail, lowly and light;  
I ask not thy pity, I seek not thy smile;  
I ask but to worship thy beauty awhile;—  
To sigh to thee—sing to thee—bloom for thine eye,  
And when thou art weary to bless thee and die!"

Shall I tell what the Star to the Violet said,  
While ashamed 'neath his love-look, she hung her young head?  
He sang—but his singing was only a ray,  
And none but the flower and I heard the dear lay;  
How it thrilled, as it fell, in its melody clear,  
Through the little heart, heaving with rapture and fear!

Ah! no, love! I dare not! too tender, too pure,  
For me to betray were the words he said to her;  
But as she lay listening that low lullaby,  
A smile lit the tear in the timid flower's eye;  
And when death had stolen her beauty and bloom,  
The ray came again to play over her tomb!

F. S. O.

## HOLLYHOCK AND CHINA ROSE.

"Excelsior."

—  
Oh! beautiful art thou as glowing morn,  
When from her dewy, rose-wreathed, orient bower,  
She flings to every cloud beside her borne,  
To warm its breast of snow—a blushing flower!

And thou art graceful as the jasmine spray,  
Waved to Eolian melody in air;  
And free and joyous as a rivulet's play,  
And true as Truth, and pure as holy prayer.

I've wreathed with heart-flowers many a Beauty's shrine,  
And poured in song the soul of passion there;  
But ah! that melody and bloom divine  
Were worse than wasted on the false as fair!

To thee—to thee—with pilgrim heart I turn;  
For thee my lute I fondly tune again;  
Of thee—Love's sweet and glowing lore I'll learn;  
Thy starlight smiles shall be his beaming chain!

F. S. O.



1900-1901, 1902-1903,

1904

"The world is not yet dead,  
"When you are dead, you are dead,  
"You still live on, you still live,  
"To come to you is to come to me."

And those are good for the quiet soul,  
"For a man follows only his soul,  
"And then, and then he follows,  
"He follows only his soul."

"The world is not yet dead,  
"When you are dead, you are dead,  
"You still live on, you still live,  
"To come to you is to come to me."

"The world is not yet dead,  
"When you are dead, you are dead,  
"You still live on, you still live,  
"To come to you is to come to me."

1905, 1906





VIRGIN'S BOWER. . . . . THE STOLEN LOOK.

—  
“WE met—’twas in the merry dance—  
    I only caught thine eye;  
A look, a smile, a hurried word,  
    And thou hadst floated by!  
But sweeter than an angel’s face,  
    Or Houris’ smile at even,  
Or music on a moonlit tide,  
    Was that one glimpse of Heaven!”

~~~~~

FAREWELL.

WE parted—cold and worldly eyes  
    Upon that parting fell,  
And bravely we kept back our sighs,  
    And calmly said farewell!

But there are looks we learned of Love,  
    That only Love can read,  
And like the flash from cloud to cloud,  
    From heart to heart they speed!

Yes! in one eloquent glance thy soul,  
    On wings of light to mine  
In wild and passionate sorrow stole,  
    And whispered words divine.

Heaven’s blessing on that royal heart,  
    That thus could lavish feeling!  
’Twas almost sweet, though sad to part,  
    Our silent love revealing.

F. S. O

WALL FLOWER. . . . . I CLING TO THEE STILL.

AND gayer friends surround thee now,  
And lighter hearts are thine;  
Thou dost not *need*, beloved and blest,  
So sad a boon as mine!

But in my sorrowing soul for thee,  
Love's balmy flower I'll hide,  
And feeling's tears shall keep it fresh,  
Whatever fate betide;

Then, when misfortune's winter comes,  
And frailer love takes wing,  
All pure and bright, with hope's own light,  
Affection's rose I'll bring;

And thou shalt bless the simple flower  
That keeps its virgin bloom  
To charm thy soul, in sorrow's hour,  
With beauty and perfume!

F. S. O.

WHEN fortune smiled above thy way,  
When grace and beauty crowned thee,  
A thousand friends more light and gay,  
Like bees have hummed around thee.

Ah! dearer now since Care and Time  
Have dimmed thy early splendor,  
I wreathè, around thy wreck sublime,  
Love's garland pure and tender.

FANNY FAY.

WATER STAR. . . . . A SPELL.

“FAIRY Kandore,  
Prince of the sea,  
Saw a maid on the shore,  
Sleeping under a tree.

“Thou fairest of maidens,  
I bear thee below,  
To make thee my bride,  
Where the sea-forests grow.”

“Fairy Kandore  
Coral and pearl  
Did lavish upon her,  
That fair Indian girl:

“But she pined for her lover,  
Her bright Indian home,  
And she died 'mid the sea-maidens  
Under the foam!

“Fairy Kandore  
Mourned the fair maid,  
And wreathed with pale sea-flowers,  
Her hair's glossy braid.

“And, borne home by sorrowing  
Nymphs of the sea,  
She sleeps her last sleep  
'Neath her own Indian tree.”

---

SHE has woven a spell of enchantment,  
So subtle, so rare and so sweet,  
That I live in a dream of delight,  
Love's worshiping slave at her feet.

F. S. O.

A WEED. . . . . I WOULD BLOOM IF I COULD.

Wild words wander here and there,  
God's great gift of speech abused,  
Makes thy memory confused ;  
But let them rave !  
The balm-cricket carols clear,  
In the green that folds thy grave—  
Let them rave !—TENNYSON.

WHEN from our northern woods pale summer, flying,  
Breathes her last fragrant sigh—her low farewell—  
While her sad wild-flowers' dewy eyes, in dying,  
Plead for her stay, in every nook and dell,

A heart, that loved too tenderly and truly,  
Will break at last—and in some dim, sweet shade,  
They'll smooth the sod o'er her you prized unduly,  
And leave her to the rest for which she prayed.

Ah ! trustfully, not mournfully, they'll leave her,  
Assured that deep repose is welcomed well ;  
The pure, glad breeze can whisper naught to grieve her,  
The brook's low voice no wrongful tale can tell.

They'll hide her where no false one's footprint, stealing,  
Can mar the chastened meekness of her sleep ;  
Only to Love and Grief her grave revealing,  
And they will hush their chiding *then*—to weep !

And some—for though too oft she erred, too blindly  
She was beloved—how fondly and how well !  
Some few, with faltering feet, will linger kindly,  
And plant dear flowers within that silent dell.

I know whose fragile hand will bring the bloom  
Best loved by both—the violet—to that bower ;  
And one will bid white lilies bless the gloom ;  
And one—perchance—will plant the passion-flower !

Then do *thou* come—when all the rest have parted—  
Thou, who alone dost know her soul's deep gloom—  
And wreath the lost, the broken-hearted,  
Some idle *weed*—that *knew not how to bloom*.

F. S. O.

WILLOW. . . . . DESPAIR.

I LAUNCHED a bark on Fate's deep tide,  
A frail and fluttering toy,  
But freighted with a thousand dreams  
Of beauty and of joy.

Ah me! it found no friend in them—  
The wave—the sky—the gale—  
Though Love enraptured took the helm—  
And Hope unfurled the sail!

And you who should its pilot be—  
To whom in fear it flies—  
Forsake it, on a treacherous sea,  
To seek a prouder prize.

Alas for Love! bewildered child!  
He weeps the helm beside,  
And Hope has furled her fairy sail,  
Nor longer tempts the tide.

Despair and Pride in silence fling  
Its rich freight to the wave,  
And now an aimless wreck it floats,  
That none would stoop to save.

WOODBINE. . . . . I CLING TO THEE.

HER cot is 'neath the beechen tree  
Where wild winds, as they wander free,  
Bear to her ear the melody

Of many a singing bird.  
I would that I might dwell beneath  
That emerald shade, that jasmine wreath,  
Which with the woodbine on the roof  
Braids green and gold and scarlet woof.

She dwells beneath the beechen tree,  
And dearly loved and prized is she,  
But oft with mournful sighs for me

Her gentle heart is stirred.  
For many a summer long and sweet,  
I sought her in her green retreat;  
And life's most bright and joyous hours  
Were spent upon her hill of flowers.

She dwells beneath the beechen tree,  
And I am far o'er land and sea,  
But ever in my memory

Her kindly tones are heard.  
I wonder if, when all alone,  
She ever hears my 'plain ing tone,  
Or feels my heartfelt shielding prayer  
Around her in the summer air.

ISABEL JOCELYN.

THOUGH far apart—from heart to heart,  
A viewless chain is ours,  
Whose links nor care, nor time shall wear,  
Though only made of flowers.

### THE FLOWERS' HEAVEN.

NAY, think not, loveliest! flowers *die*  
When from the stem they fall; for see!  
Their *souls* the withered petals fly,  
And find a Heaven in *thee*!

Th' exulting LILY glad ascends  
Unto its temple in thy brow,  
Where Mind with modest beauty blends,  
And wins Love's purest vow.

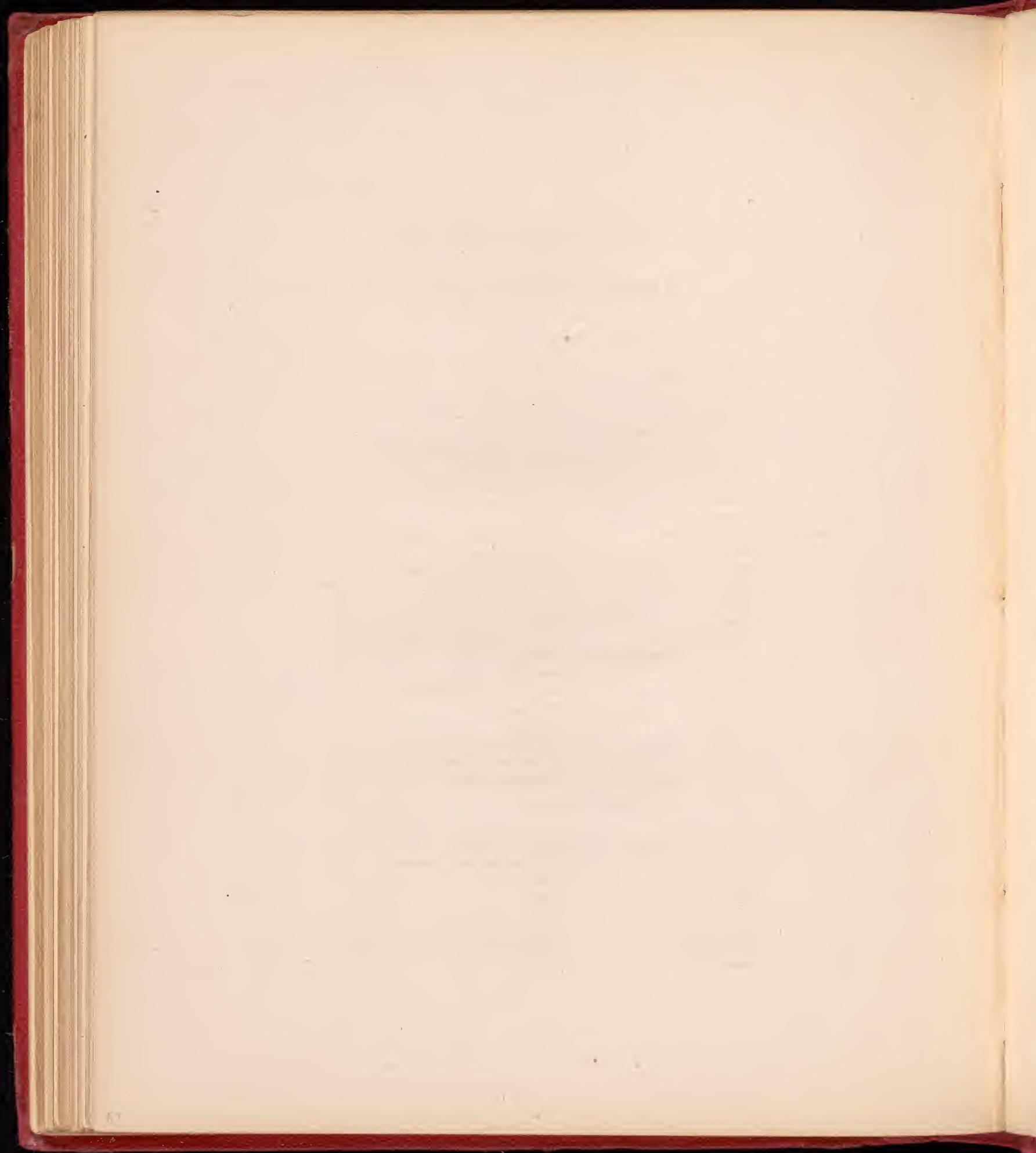
The VIOLET makes its happy home  
Within the depths of thy blue eyes,  
And seems more brightly there to bloom,  
In such a Paradise.

CARNATIONS on thy lovely lips  
In joyous beauty smile and glow,  
Ah! happiest flowers! but kisses sweet,  
And music e'er to know.

The ROSES, white and red, contend  
With loving quarrel in thy cheek,  
Where blushes, flitting like spring-cloud,  
Of thought and feeling speak.

And since the ever envious Fates  
Condemn me far from thee to part,  
Permit the sweet FORGET ME NOT  
To nestle in thy *heart*.

W.



## FLORAL DICTIONARY.

### A.

ACACIA,	Spiritual affection.
ACACIA, YELLOW,	I hide my heart.
ACALEA,	Temperance.
ACANTHUS,	The Arts.
ACHILLA MILLEFOLIA,	I declare war.
ADONITE AUTUMNALIS,	Sorrowful Remembrances.
AFRICAN MARYGOLD,	Vain and vulgar.
AGNUS CASTUS,	“Be thou as chaste as ice!”
AGRIMONY,	I thank you.
ALMOND TREE,	You came too soon.
ALMOND LAUREL,	You have poisoned my heart.
ALOE,	Wasted Worship.
ALTHAEA FRUTEX,	Fly from the world to me.
AMARANTH,	We meet in Paradise.
AMARYLLIS,	Severe in youthful beauty.
AMBROSIA,	Sweet as thy sigh.
AMERICAN COWSLIP,	“You’re all my fancy painted you.”
AMERICAN STARWORT,	Welcome.
ANEMONE,	My fate!
ASPEN TREE,	My heart thrills to thy voice.
AUNCULA,	Painting.
ANGELICA,	A Dream.
ANGREC,	Royalty.
ASPHODEL,	In Heaven I bloom for thee.
AZALEA,	Your blush enchants me.

### B.

BACHELOR’S BUTTON,	Single and selfish.
BALM OF GILEAD,	Thy love will heal the wound.
BALSAM.	Touch me not.
BASIL,	I hate you.
BAY, RED,	Love’s memory.
BELVIDERE,	I declare against you.
BEE OPHRYS,	You mistake me.
BETONY,	Surprise.

FLORAL DICTIONARY.

BIRDWEED,	Humble worth.
BEARDED CREPIS,	I will protect you.
BLUE-BOTTLE CENTAURY,	Delicacy.
BOX,	I am a stoic.
BRAMBLE,	I envy you.
BROOM, SPANISH,	Light of my life!
BROOM,	Away with melancholy.
BROKEN STRAW,	A quarrel.
BRYONY,	May you prosper.
BUCKBEAN,	Repose.
BUTTERCUP,	A smile for all.
BUTTERFLY WEED,	Let me go.

C.

CALLA ETHIOPICA,	Look down on me.
CALYCANTHUS,	Benevolence.
CAMELLIA JAPONICA,	Queen of the Heart.
CAMpanula,	Gratitude.
CANDY-TUFT,	I care not.
CANTERBURY BELL,	I love thee still.
CARNATION,	A Blush.
CARDINAL FLOWER,	You are distinguished.
CATCHFLY,	A snare.
CHINA-ASTER,	Variety.
CHINA OR INDIAN PINK,	I love you not.
CHINA ROSE,	Lovely in each change.
CHINESE CHRYSANTHEMUM,	A Sunbeam through a Cloud.
CINQUEFOIL,	Parental Love.
CISTUS OR ROCK-ROSE,	Popular Favor.
CIRCÆA,	Enchantment.
CLEMATIS,	Mental Beauty.
CLOVE-GILLY FLOWER,	Dignity.
COCKS-COMB,	How odd you are!
COLCHICUM,	“The light of other days!”
COLTSFOOT,	You shall have justice.
COLUMBINE,	Folly.
CONVOLVULUS,	Aspiration.
CORCHORUS,	Come to me, love.
CORN,	Riches.
COREOPSIS,	“She came, she saw, she conquered.”
CORIANDER,	“Here’s a heart for any fate!”
CORONILLA,	I crown thee Queen of Beauty!
COWSLIP,	You smile on all.
CREEPING CEREUS,	Honor.
CROCUS,	Smile on me still.

FLORAL DICTIONARY.

CROSS OF JERUSALEM,  
CROWN, IMPERIAL,  
CUCKOO PINK,  
CYCLAMEN,  
CYPRESS,

Devotion.  
Majesty and power.  
Ardor.  
Diffidence.  
Mournful thoughts.

D.

DAFFODIL,  
DAHLIA,  
DAISY,  
DAISY, WHITE,  
DAMASK ROSE,  
DANDELION,  
DAPHNE ODORA,  
DARNEL,  
DEW PLANT,  
DITTANY,  
DODDER,  
DRAGON PLANT,

Delusive hopes.  
Fair without, but false within.  
Young, lovely, loving and beloved.  
Childhood.  
Richness of color.  
He is not worth the trouble.  
Sweets to the sweet.  
Vice.  
A Serenade.  
Birth.  
You are base.  
Beware!

E.

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE,  
ENDIVE,  
EUPATORIUM,  
EVERGREEN,  
EVERLASTING,

Witchcraft.  
Frugality.  
Ah, still delay!  
Time shall not change me.  
Forever.

F.

FENNEL,  
FERN,  
FIG,  
FLAX,  
FLORA'S BELL,  
FLOWER OF AN HOUR,  
FLOWERING REED,  
FORGET ME NOT,  
FAIRY'S GLOVE,  
FRANKINCENSE,  
FRAXINELLA,  
FULLER'S TEASEL,

Strength.  
I am sincere.  
Argument.  
Utility.  
Play on!  
I am going.  
Confide in Heaven.  
Fail me not thou!  
I am not changed—They wrong me!  
The incense of the heart.  
Fire.  
Austerity.

G.

GENTIANA FRITILLARIA,  
GERANIUM,

A Blessing.  
Sadness.

FLORAL DICTIONARY.

GILLY-FLOWER,  
GLORY-FLOWER,  
GOLDEN ROD,  
GORSE,  
GRASS,  
GUELDER ROSE,

Always beautiful.  
You are more than beautiful!  
Take care.  
Gay through all trials.  
Unpretending goodness.  
Winter.

H.

HAREBELL,  
HAWKWEED,  
HAWTHORN,  
HEART'S EASE,  
HEATH,  
HELENIA,  
HELIOTROPE,  
HELLEBORE,  
HEPATICA,  
HIBISCUS,  
HOLLY,  
HONEYSUCKLE,  
HORTENSIA,  
HOUSTONEA,  
HOYA,  
HYACINTH,  
HYDRANGEA,

Resignation.  
Quicksighted.  
"Hope on—Hope ever!"  
Content.  
I am alone.  
Tears.  
Soul of my soul!  
Calumny.  
I confide in you!  
Delicate beauty.  
Am I forgotten?  
Bonds of love.  
You are cold.  
Content.  
Sculpture.  
I am sad.  
Boaster.

I.

ICELAND MOSS,  
ICE PLANT,  
INDIAN CRESS,  
INDIAN JASMINE,  
IRIS,  
IVY,

Health.  
You freeze me.  
I am resigned.  
"She walks in beauty like the night."  
A Message.  
I cling to thee!

J.

JACOB'S LADDER,  
JAPAN ROSE,  
JASMINE, NIGHT-BLOOMING,  
JASMINE, SPANISH,  
JONQUIL,  
JUDAS TREE,  
JUNIPER,  
JUSTICIA,

Come down.  
Beauty is your only attraction.  
Only for thee.  
Rich and rare.  
A Wish.  
You have betrayed me.  
Protection.  
Perfection.

FLORAL DICTIONARY.

K.

KENNEDIA,  
KING-CUP,

Lovely in mind.  
I wish I was rich.

L.

LABURNUM,  
LADIES' SLIPPER,  
LARCH,  
LARKSPUR,  
LAUREL,  
LAURUSTINUS,  
LAVENDER,  
LEMON,  
LETTUCE,  
LICHEN,  
LILAC, WHITE,  
LILY OF THE VALLEY,  
LOBELIA,  
LONDON PRIDE,  
LOTUS FLOWER,  
LOVE IN A MIST,  
LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING,  
LUCERN,  
LUPINE,  
LYCHNIS,  
LYTHRUM,

Pensively beautiful.  
Win me and wear me.  
You are bold.  
Levity.  
Go where glory waits thee.  
I die if neglected.  
I distrust you.  
Discretion.  
Cold-hearted.  
Alone.  
A Sigh.  
Sweets to the sweet.  
Splendor.  
Frivolity.  
Be silent!  
You bewilder me.  
Hopeless not heartless.  
Life.  
I weep to leave thee.  
Religious enthusiast.  
Pretension.

M.

MAIDEN-HAIR,  
MAIZE,  
MAGNOLIA,  
MALLOW,  
MANDRAKE,  
MARJORAM,  
MARVEL OF PERU,  
MARYGOLD,  
MAY-ROSE,  
MEADOW SAFFRON,  
MEADOW-SWEET,  
MERCURY,  
MESEMBRYANTHEMUM,  
MEZEREON,  
MIGNONETTE,

A Secret.  
Plenty.  
Peerless and proud.  
Mild as a moonbeam.  
Rarity.  
Blushes.  
Timid, but true.  
The Star of Earth.  
Precocity.  
Farewell to the past.  
Useless.  
Goodness.  
Idle.  
Love in a snow-wreath.  
You little darling!

FLORAL DICTIONARY.

MIMOSA,	Sensitiveness.
MINT,	Virtue.
MISTLETOE,	I surmount all difficulties.
MOCK ORANGE,	Counterfeit.
MONEYWORT,	Transient friendship.
MONKS-HOOD,	Knight-errantry.
MOONWORT,	Forget me !
MOSCHATEL,	Weak, but winning.
Moss,	A Mother's love.
Moss-Rose,	Silent love.
MOUSE-EAR CHICKWEED,	Ingenuous simplicity.
MOVING PLANT,	Agitation.
MUSHROOM,	I suspect you.
MUSK-ROSE,	Capricious beauty.
MYOSOTIS,	Forget me not.
MYROBALAN,	Privation.
MYRTLE,	I only change in dying.

N.

NARCISSUS,	You know you are beautiful !
NASTURTIUM,	Patriotism.
NETTLE,	You are cruel.
NIGHTSHADE,	A bitter truth.
NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS,	Meet me by moonlight alone.

O.

OATS,	The soul of Music.
OLEANDER,	I fear for you.
OLIVE,	Peace be with you.
ORCHIS,	A Belle.
ORANGE FLOWER,	Bridal purity.
OSIER,	Frankness.
OX-EYE,	Obstacle.

P.

PALM,	Victory.
PANSY,	Thought.
PASSION FLOWER,	" Love much and be forgiven ! "
PASQUE-FLOWER,	Unpretending.
PEA, SWEET,	" On tiptoe for a flight."
PENNYROYAL,	Fly !
PEONY,	Shame.
PERIWINKLE,	Sweet remembrances.

FLORAL DICTIONARY.

PERSIMMON,	Bury me amid Nature's beauties.
PERSICARIA,	Restoration.
PERUVIAN HELIOTROPE,	I trust in thee.
PHEASANT'S-EYE,	Sorrowful remembrances.
PHLOX,	Unanimity.
PIMPERNEL,	I fear the storm.
PINK,	The soul of sweetness.
POLYANTHUS,	Confidence.
POMEGRANATE,	Folly.
PRIDE OF CHINA,	Discussion.
PRIMROSE,	Inconstancy.
PURPLE CLOVER,	Provident.
PYRUS JAPONICA,	Fairies' Fire.
POPPY, WHITE,	The Sleep of the Heart.

Q.

QUAMOCЛИT,	Busybody.
QUEEN'S ROCKET,	Queen of Coquettes.

R.

RAGGED ROBIN,	Wit.
RANUNCULUS,	You are radiant.
RED BAY,	Love's memory.
RHODODENDRON,	Danger.
ROCKET,	Rivalry.
ROSE-LEAF,	The low reply.
ROSE, WILD,	Feeling's blush.
ROSE, YELLOW,	Oh! teach me to forget.
ROSE, WITHERED,	Loved and lost.
ROSE, BAY,	Celibacy.
ROSE, WHITE,	Innocence.
ROSEMARY,	Remember me!
RUDBECKIA,	Justice.
RUE,	Grace or Purification.
RUSH,	Docility.

S.

SAFFRON,	Excess is dangerous.
SAGE,	Esteem.
SARDONY,	Irony.
SCARLET FUCHSIA,	Taste.
SENSITIVE PLANT,	Sensibility.
SIDE SADDLE FLOWER,	Come pledge me, sweet!

FLORAL DICTIONARY.

SNAPDRAGON,	You are dazzling but dangerous.
SNOWBALL,	Thoughts of Heaven.
SNOW DROP,	I will console you.
SOLOMON'S SEAL,	Mystery.
SORREL,	An ill-timed jest.
SPIDER OPHRYS,	Go ! deceiver, go !
SPIDERWORT,	Thou art false.
STAR OF BETHLEHEM,	Follow me.
STRAMONIUM,	Disguise.
SUMACH,	Shine on !
SUNFLOWER,	Smile on me still !
SWEET BRIAR,	Poetry.
SWEET FLAG,	Fitness.
SWEET SULTAN,	I wish you joy !
SWEET WILLIAM,	Craftiness.
SYRINGA,	Memory.

T.

TAMARISK,	Crime.
TANSY,	Resistance.
TEASEL,	Misanthropy.
THISTLE,	I am afraid of you.
THRIFT,	Sympathy.
THYME,	Activity.
TIGER FLOWER,	I defy you !
TULIP,	Pride.

V.

VALERIAN,	I yield !
VERBENA,	Sensibility.
VERNAL GRASS,	Poor but happy.
VERVAIN,	You bewitch me !
VENUS' CAR,	Fly with me.
VENUS' FLY-TRAP,	Have I caught you at last ?
VENUS' LOOKING-GLASS,	I cannot flatter you.
VIOLET,	Modesty.
VIRGIN'S BOWER,	Be not so shy !
VOLKAMENICA JAPONICA,	May you be happy.

W.

WALL-FLOWER,	Faithful though ruin await thee !
WATER LILY,	Purity.
WALKING LEAF,	How came you here ?

FLORAL DICTIONARY.

WATER-STAR,	Beauty and Piety.
WAR PLANT,	Mould me as you will.
WHEAT,	Wealth.
WITCH-HAZEL,	A Spell.
WOODBINE,	Fraternal Love.
WORMWOOD,	Absence.

Y.

YARROW,	Bold and true.
YEW,	Sorrow.

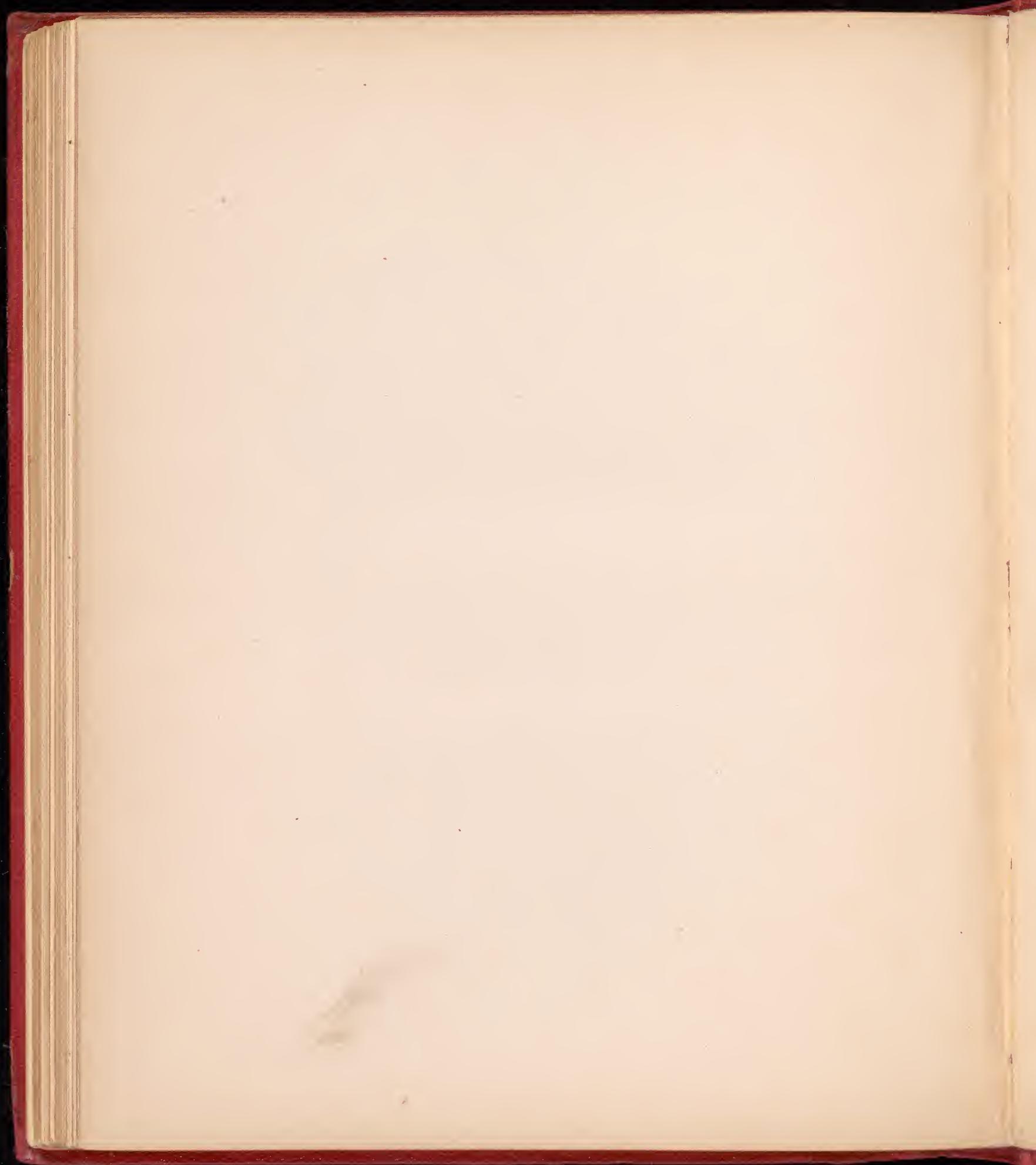
Z.

ZINNIA,	Good bye!
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THE END.







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